



THE
SOCRATES BOOKLETS—II

MILTON
PARADISE
LOST

BOOK III.

EDITED BY
H.M. MARGOLIOUTH, M.A.



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THE SOCRATES BOOKLETS: . II

General Editor: H. M. MARGOLIOUTH, M.A.

Secretary of Faculties in the University of Oxford, recently Professor of English Language and Literature in the University College of Southampton

MILTON PARADISE LOST Books I, II, and III

First Published, 1667

Edited by
H. M. MARGOLIOUTH, M.A.



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“Socrates. Without any one teaching him he will recover his knowledge for himself, if he is only asked questions.”

PLATO, Meno.

Printed in Great Britain

METHOD OF THE SERIES

This series is intended primarily for boys and girls of thirteen to fifteen. The pupil should first read right through each poem, essay, play or narrative in order to get a general knowledge of the subject-matter, but he may pass over obscure allusions or other difficulties. The whole comes before the part. In order that the teacher may be satisfied that this first reading has been done, a selection of questions is given which should be answered, either aloud or in writing, without the book. These questions are headed "A."

After this comes more detailed and intensive study, but it is important that this should not degenerate into a mere cramming of the memory. The pupil should re-read the whole or parts of his text not in order to "get it up," but in order to find things out. A selection of questions is therefore given which aims at indicating some of the chief things which the pupil should find out if he is to enter into the mind of the writer. These questions, for which the pupil should be allowed the free use of his book, are headed "B."

A few of the questions headed "B" are marked with an asterisk () to indicate that they are intended for older pupils.*

The pupil who, after obtaining a general knowledge of his subject-matter, has employed himself in making intelligent inquiries into it, may then profitably go further afield. For this purpose a selection is given of questions which involve reference to other books. The usefulness of these questions depends partly on the extent to which the pupil has access to the best English classics and to standard works of reference. But the teacher will often have such access even if the pupil has not. In this section again an asterisk () indicates that certain questions are intended for older pupils, and a number has been affixed to those where reference is made to one of the books in the list given on the last page of this volume. This third set of questions is headed "C."*

It is hoped that the notes at the end will be of use or interest to adult readers. They are not primarily intended for the pupil.

PREFACE TO THIS VOLUME

Paradise Lost has been one of the chief weapons of the kill-poetry educationalist. Unhappy boys have "learnt the notes" and "got up the allusions" and have hated Milton ever after.

It is, of course, a book in which more may be found and of which more may be understood each time we come back to it, but we need not wait until we are old and learned to enjoy the beauty of Milton's language and the nobility of his imagination. The romance of Paradise Lost should appeal most of all to the young.

. . . what resounds
*In Fable or Romance of Uther's Son
Begirt with British and Armoric Knights ;
And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco, or Marocco, or Trebisond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shoar
When Charlemain with all his Peerage fell
By Fontarabbia.*

It does not matter where exactly Trebizond and Bizerta are. We can find out easily enough if we wish. It does matter that the poet, who can fire the blood and the imagination with such lines as these, should be so studied that the young reader is really brought into contact with the mind and soul of one greater than himself.

Look after the imagination and the memory will look after itself.

Paradise Lost was first published in 1667 with a division into ten books. The second edition (1674) gave us our present division into twelve books. The present text is reprinted, with a very few necessary corrections, from the seventh edition (1705) which follows the second edition above mentioned in all essential respects.

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THE VERSE

The Measure is English Heroic Verse without Rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin ; Rime being no necessary Adjunct or true Ornament of Poem or good Verse, in longer Works especially, but the Invention of a barbarous Age, to set off wretched matter and lame Meeter ; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern Poets, carried away by Custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have prest them. Not without cause therefore some, both Italian and Spanish Poets of prime note have rejected Rime both in longer and shorter Works, as have also long since our best English Tragedies, as a thing of it self, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight ; which consists only in apt Numbers, fit quantity of Syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one Verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in Poetry and all good Oratory. This neglect then of Rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar Readers, that it rather is to be esteem'd an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recover'd to Heroic Poem from the Troublesom and modern bondage of Rimeing.

MILTON : PARADISE LOST

BOOK I

THE ARGUMENT

This First Book proposes, first in brief, the whole Subject. *Man's Disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd*: Then touches the prime Cause of his Fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many Legions of Angels, was by the Command of God driven out of Heaven with all his Crew into the great Deep. Which Action pass'd over, the Poem hastens into the midst of Things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen into Hell, describ'd here, not in the Center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a Place of utter Darkness, filiest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning Lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain Space recovers, as from Confusion, calls up him who next in Order and Dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable Fall. Satan awakens all his Legions, who lay 'till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, their Numbers, Array of Battel, their chief Leaders nam'd, according to the Idols known afterwards in Canaan and the Countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his Speech, comforts them with Hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new World and new kind of Creature to be created, according to an ancient Prophecy or Report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible Creation, was the Opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the Truth of this Prophecy, and what to determine thereon he refers to a full Council. What his Associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the Palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the Deep: The infernal Peers there sit in Council.

OF Man's First Disobedience, and the Fruit
 Of that Forbidden Tree, whose mortal tast
 Brought Death into the World and all our woe,
 With loss of *Eden*, 'till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful Seat,
 Sing Heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
 Of *Oreb*, or of *Sinai*, didst inspire
 That Shepherd, who first taught the chosen Seed,
 In the Beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
 Rose out of *Chaos* : Or if *Sion* Hill
 Delight thee more, and *Siloa*'s Brook that flow'd
 Fast by the Oracle of God ; I thence
 Invoke thy Aid to my adventrous Song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above *Aonian* Mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in Prose or Rhime.
 And chiefly Thou O Spirit, that dost prefer
 Before all Temples th'upright Heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for Thou know'st ; Thou from the first
 Wast present, and with mighty Wings out-spread
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast Abyss
 And mad'st it pregnant : What in me is dark
 Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
 That to the heighth of this great Argument
 I may assert Eternal Providence,
 And justifie the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view
 Nor the deep Tract of Hell, say first what cause
 Mov'd our Grand Parents in that happy State,
 Favour'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
 From their Creatour, and transgress his Will
 For one Restraint, Lord's of the World besides ?
 Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt ?

10

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Th' infernal Serpent ; he it was, whose guile
Stirr'd up with Envy and Revenge, deceiv'd
The Mother of Mankind, what time his Pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his Host
Of Rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in Glory above his Peers,
He trusted to have equall'd the Most High,
If he oppos'd ; and with ambitious Aim,
Against the Throne and Monarchy of God
Rais'd impious War in Heav'n and Battel proud
With vain Attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th'Ethereal Skie,
With hideous ruine and combustion down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In Adamantine Chains and penal Fire,
Who durst defie th'Omnipotent to Arms.

Nine times the Space that measures Day and Night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew

Lay vanquish'd, rowling in the fiery Gulf
Confounded though immortal : But his Doom
Reserv'd him to more wrath ; for now the thought
Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
Torments him ; round he throws his baleful eyes
That witness'd huge affliction and dismay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and stedfast hate :

At once as far as Angels ken he views
The dismal Situation waste and wild ;
A Dungeon horrible, on all sides round
As one great Furnace flam'd, yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
And rest can never dwell, hope never comes
That comes to all ; but torture without e'nd
Still urges, and a fiery Deluge, fed
With ever burning Sulphur unconsum'd :

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Such Place Eternal Justice had prepar'd
 For those rebellious, here their Prison ordain'd
 In utter darkness, and their Portion set
 As far remov'd from God and light of Heav'n
 As from the Center thrice to th'utmost Pole.
 O how unlike the place from whence they fell !
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
 With Floods and Whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns, and welt'ring by his side
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in *Palestine*, and nam'd
Beelzebub. To whom th'Arch-Enemy,
 And thence in Heav'n call'd *Satan*, with bold Words
 Breaking the horrid silence thus began.

If thou beest he ; But O how fall'n ! How chang'd
 From him, v'ho in the happy Realms of light
 Cloath'd with transcendent brightness didst out-shine
 Myriads though bright ! If he whom mutual League,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the Glorious Enterprize,
 Join'd with me once, now misery hath join'd
 In equal ruin : Into what Pit thou seest
 From what height fall'n, so much the stronger prov'd
 He with his Thunder : And 'till then who knew
 The Force of those dire Arms ? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the Potent Victor in his Rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,
 Though chang'd 'n outward lustre, that fix'd mind
 And high disdain, from sense of injur'd merit,
 That with the mightiest rais'd me to contend,
 And to the fierce Contention brought along
 Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd
 That durst dislike his Reign, and me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power oppos'd
 In dubious Battel on the Plains of Heav'n,
 And shook his Throne. What though the field be lost ?

All is not lost ; th'unconquerable Will,
 And study of Revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield :
 And what is else not to be overcome ?
 That Glory never shall his wrath or might
110
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for Grace
 With suppliant Knee, and deifie his Power,
 Who from the Terror of this Arm so late
 Doubted his Empire, that were low indeed,
 That were an Ignominy and Shame beneath
 This Downfal ; since by Fate the Strength of Gods
 And this Empyreal Substance cannot fail,
 Since through Experience of this great Event
 In Arms not worse, in Foresight much advanc'd,
 We may with more successful Hope resolve
120
 To wage by Force or Guile Eternal Warr
 Irreconcileable, to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and in th'excess of Joy
 Sole reigning holds the Tyranny of Heav'n.
 So spake th'Apostate Angel, though in Pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep Despair :
 And him thus answer'd soon his bold Compeer.
 O Prince, O Chief of many Throned Powers,
 That led th'imbattell'd Seraphim to Warr
 Under thy Conduct, and in dreadful Deeds
130
 Fearless, endanger'd Heav'n's perpetual King,
 And put to Proof his high Supremacy,
 Whether upheld by Strength, or Chance, or Fate,
 Too well I see and rue the dire Event,
 That with sad Overthrow and foul Defeat
 Hath lost us Heav'n, and all this mighty Host
 In horrible Destruction laid thus low,
 As far as Gods and Heav'nly Essences
 Can perish : For the Mind and Spirit remains
 Invincible, and Vigour soon return,
140
 Though all our Glory extinct, and happy State

Here swallow'd up in endless Misery.
 But what if he our Conqu'ror (whom I now
 Of force believe Almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'er-pow'red such Force as
 ours)

Have left us this our Spirit and Strength entire
 Strongly to suffer and support our Pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful Ire,
 Or do him mightier Service as his thrals
 By Right of War, whate'er his Business be
 Here in the Heart of Hell to work in Fire,
 Or do his Errands in the gloomy Deep ;
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminish't, or Eternal Being
 To undergo Eternal Punishment ?

Whereto with speedy Words th'Arch-Fiend reply'd.

Fall'n Cherub, to be weak is miserable
 Doing or Suffering : But of this be sure,
 To do ought good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his Providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our laoour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find Means of evil ;
 Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost Co'nsels from their destin'd aim.

But see the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His Ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the Gates of Heav'n : The sulphurous Hail
 Shot after us in Storm, o'er-blown hath laid
 The fiery Surge, that from the Precipice
 Of Heav'n receiv'd us falling, and the Thunder,
 Wing'd with red Lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now

150

160

170

To bellow through the vast and boundless Deep.
 Let us not slip th'occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe.

Seest thou yon dreary Plain, forlorn and wild,
 The Seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery Waves,
 There rest, if any Rest can harbour there,
 And re-assembling our afflicted Powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our Enemy, our own Loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire Calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from Hope.
 If not what resolution from desp're.

180

190

Thus *Satan* talking to his nearest Mate
 With Head up-lift above the wave, and Eyes
 That sparkling blaz'd, his other Parts besides
 Prone on the Floud, extended long and large
 Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge
 As whom the Fables name of monst'rous size,
Titanian, or *Earth-born*, that warr'd on *Jove*,
Briareos or *Typhon*, whom the Den
 By ancient *Tarsus* held, or that Sea-beast
Leviathan, which God of all his works
 Created hugest that swim th'Ocean stream :
 Him haply slumb'ring on the *Norway* foam
 The Pilot of some small night-founder'd Skiff,
 Deeming some Island, oft, as Sea-men tell,
 With fixed Anchor in his skaly rind
 Mocrs by his Side under the Lee, while Night
 I'vests the Sea, and wished Morn delays :
 So stretch't out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
 Chain'd on the burning Lake, nor ever thence
 Had ris'n or heav'd his head, but that the will
 And high permission of all-ruling Heaven

200

210

Left him at large to his own dark designs,
 That with reiterated crimes he might
 Heap on himself damnation, while he sought
 Evil to others, and enrag'd might see
 How all his malice serv'd but to bring forth
 Infirite goodness, grace and mercy shewn
 On Man by him seduc'd, but on himself
 Treble confusion, wrath and vengeance pour'd. 220
 Forthwith upright he rears from off the Pool
 His mighty Stature ; on each hand the Flames
 Driv'n backward slope their pointing Spires, and rowl'd
 In Billows, leave i'th' midst a horrid Vale.
 Then with expanded Wings he steers his flight
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky Air
 That felt unusual weight, 'till on dry Land
 He lights, if it were Land that ever burn'd
 With solid, as the Lake with liquid fire ;
 And such appear'd in hue, as when the force 230
 Of subterranean Wind transports a Hill
 Torn from *Pelorus*, or the shatter'd side
 Of thund'ring *Ætna*, whose combustible
 And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving Fire,
 Sublim'd with Mineral fury, aid the Winds,
 And leave a singed bottom all involv'd
 With stench and smoak : Such Resting found the Soal
 Of unbliss't feet. Him follow'd his next Mate,
 Both glorying to have 'scap'd the *Stygian* floud
 As Gods, and by their own recover'd strength, 240
 Not by the Sufferance of supernal Power.

Is this the Region, this the Soil, the Clime,
 Said then the lost Arch-Angel, this the Seat
 That we must change for Heav'n, this mournful gloom
 For that Celestial Light ? Be it so, since he
 Who now is Sov'rain can dispose and bid
 What shall be right : 'fardest from him is best
 Whom Reason hath equall'd, Force hath made supream

Above his equals. Farewel happy Fields
 Where Joy for ever dwells : Hail Horrours, hail
 Infernal world, and thou profoundest Hell
 Receive thy new Possessour : One who brings
 A mind not to be chang'd by Place or Time.
 The mind is its own place, and in it self
 Can make a Heav'n of Hell, a Hell of Heav'n.
 What matter where, if I be still the same,
 And what I should be, all but less than he
 Whom Thunder hath made greater ? Here at least
 We shall be free ; th'Almighty hath not built
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :
 Here we may reign secure, and in my Choice
 To reign is worth ambition though in Hell :
 Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heav'n.
 But wherefore let we then our faithful Friends,
 Th'associates and copartners of our loss,
 Lye thus astonish't on th'oblivious Pool,
 And call them not to share with us their part
 In this unhappy Mansion, or once more
 With rallied Arms to try what may be yet
 Regain'd in Heav'n, or what more lost in Hell ?

250

260

270

So *Satan* spake, and him *Beelzebub*
 Thus answer'd. Leader of those Armies bright,
 Which but th'Omnipotent none could have foil'd,
 If once they hear that voice, their liveliest pledge
 Of hope in fears and dangers, heard so oft
 In worst extreams, and on the perillous edge
 Of battel when it rag'd, in all assaults
 Their surest signal, they will soon resume
 New Courage and revive, though now they lye
 Grov'ling and prostrate on yon Lake of Fire,
 As we e'erwhile, astounded and amaz'd,
 No wonder, fall'n such a pernicious heighth.

280

He scarce had ceas'd when the superiour Fiend
 Was moving toward the shoar ; his pond'rous snield

Ethereal temper, massie, large and round,
 Behind him cast ; the broad Circumference
 Hung on his shoulders like the Moon, whose Orb
 Through Optick Glass the *Tuscan* Artist views
 At Ev'ning from the Top of *Fesole*,
 Or in *Valdarno*, to descry new Lands, 290
 Rivers or Mountains in her spotty Globe.
 His Spear, to equal which the tallest Pine
 Hewn on *Norwegian* Hills, to be the Mast
 Of some great Ammiral, were but a wand,
 He walk'd with to support uneasie steps
 Over the burning Marl, not like those Steps
 On Heavens Azure, and the torrid Clime
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with Fire ;
 Nathless he so endur'd, 'till on the Beach
 Of that inflamed Sea, he stood and call'd 300
 His Legions, Angel Forms, who lay entrans't
 Thick as Autumnal Leaves that strow the Brooks
 In *Vallombrosa*, where th'*Etrurian* Shades
 High over-arch'd embowr ; or scatter'd sedge
 Afloat, when with fierce Winds *Orion* arm'd
 Hath vex'd the Red-Sea Coast, whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his *Memphian* Chivalry,
 While with perfidious Hatred they pursu'd
 The Sojourners of *Goshen*, who beheld
 From the safe Shoar their floating Carkases 310
 And broken Chariot Wheels ; so thick bestrown
 Abject and lost lay these, covering the Floud,
 Under Amazement of their hideous change.
 He call'd so loud, that all the hollow Deep
 Of Hell resounded. Princes, Potentates,
 Warriours, the Flow'r of Heav'n, once yours, now lost,
 If such astonishmen as this can seize
 Eternal spirits ; or have ye chos'n this place
 After the toyl of Battel to repose
 Your wearied vertue, for the ease you find 320

To slumber here, as in the Vales of Heav'n ?
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
 To adore the Conquerour ? who now beholds
 Cherub and Seraph rowling in the Flood
 With scatter'd Arms and Ensigns, 'till anon
 His swift pursuers from Heav'n Gates discern
 Th'advantage, and descending tread us down
 Thus drooping, or with linked Thunderbolts
 Transfix us to the bottom of this Gulfe.
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fall'n.

330

They heard, and were abasht, and up they sprung
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch
 On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
 Rouze and bestir themselves e'er well awake.
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel ;
 Yet to their General's Voice they soon obey'd
 Innumerable. As when the potent Rod
 Of *Amram*'s Son in *Ægypt*'s evil day
 Wav'd round the Coast, up call'd a pitchy cloud
 Of *Locusts*, warping on the Eastern Wind, 340
 That o'er the Realm of impious *Pharaoh* hung
 Like Night, and darken'd all the Land of *Nile* :
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen
 Hovering on wing under the Cope of Hell
 'Twixt upper, nether, and surrounding Fires ;
 'Till, as a signal giv'n, th'up-lifted Spear
 Of their great Sultan waving to direct
 Their course, in even ballance down they light
 On the firm brimstone, and fill all the Plain ;
 A multitude, like which the populous North
 Pour'd never from her frozen loyns, to pass 350
Rhene or the *Danaw*, when her barbarous Sons
 Came like a Deluge on the South, and spread
 Beneath *Gibraltar* to the *Lybian* sands.
 Forthwith from every Squadron and each Band

350

The Heads and Leaders thither hast where stood
 Their great Commander ; God-like shapes and forms
 Excelling human, Princely Dignities,
 And Powers that earst in Heaven sat on Thrones ; 360
 Though of their Names in Heav'nly Records now
 Be no memorial, blotted out and ras'd
 By their Rebellion, from the Books of Life.

Nor had they yet among the Sons of Eve
 Got them new Names, 'till wand'ring o'er the Earth,
 Through God's high sufferance for the trial of man,
 By falsities and lyes the greatest part
 Of Mankind they corrupted to forsake
 God their Creator, and th'invisible
 Glory of him that made them, to transform 370
 Oft to the Image of a Brute, adorn'd
 With gay Religions full of Pomp and Gold,
 And Devils to adore for Deities ;
 Then were they known to Men by various Names,
 And various Idols through the Heathen World.

Say, Muse, their Names then known, who first, who last,
 Rouz'd from the slumber, on that fiery Couch,
 At their great Emperors call, as next in worth
 Came singly where he stood on the bare strand,

While the promiscuous croud stood yet aloof ? 380
 The chief were those who from the Pit of Hell
 Roaming to seek their prey on earth, durst fix
 Their Seats long after next the Seat of God,
 Their Altars by his Altar, Gods ador'd
 Among the Nations rounç, and durst abide
Jehovah thund'ring out of *Sion*, thron'd
 Between the Cherubim ; yea, often plac'd
 Within his Sanc'tuary it self their Shrines,
 Abominations ; and with cursed things
 His holy Rites and solemn Feasts prophan'd,
 And with their darkness durst affront his light. 390
 First *Moloch*, horrid King besmear'd with blood

Of human sacrifice, and parents tears,
 Though for the noise of Drums and Timbrels loud
 Their childrens cries unheard, that past through fire
 To his grim Idol. Him the *Ammonite*
 Worshipp'd in *Rabba* and her watry Plain,
 In *Argob* and in *Basan*, to the stream
 Of utmost *Arnon*. Nor content with such
 Audacious neighbourhood, the wisest heart
 Of *Solomon* he led by fraud to build
 His Temple right against the Temple of God
 On that opprobrious Hill, and made his Grove
 The pleasant Vally of *Hinnom*, *Tophet* thence
 And black *Gehenna* call'd, the Type of Hell.
 Next *Chemos*, th'obscene dread of *Moab*'s Sons
 From *Aroar* to *Nebo*, and the wild
 Of Southmost *Abarim*; in *Hesebon*
 And *Horonaim*, Seon's Realm, beyond
 The flow'ry Dale of *Sibma* clad with Vines,
 And *Eleale* to th'*Asphaltick* Pool.
Peor his other Name, when he entic'd
Israel in *Sittim* on their march from *Nile*
 To do him wanton rites, which cost them woe.
 Yet thence his lustful Orgies he enlarg'd
 Even to that Hill of scandal, by the Grove
 Of *Moloch* homicide, lust hard by hate;
 'Till good *Josiah* drove them thence to Hell.
 With these came they, who from the bordring flood
 Of old *Euphrates* to the Brook that parts
Egypt from *Syrian* ground, had general Names
 Of *Baalim* and *Ashtaroth*, those Male,
 These Feminine. For Spirits when they please
 Can either Sex assume, or both; so soft
 And uncompounded is their Essence pure,
 Not ty'd or manacl'd with joint or limb,
 Nor founded on the brittle strength of bones,
 Like cumbrous flesh; but in what shape they chuse

400

410

420

Dilated or condens'd, bright or obscure,
Can execute their airy purposes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.

430

For those the Race of *Israel* oft forsook
Their living strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous Altar, bowing lowly down
To bestial Gods ; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in Battel, sunk before the Spear
Of despicable foes. With these in troop
Came *Astoreth*, whom the *Phænicians* call'd
Astarte, Queen of Heav'n, with crescent Horns :
To whose bright Image nightly by the Moon
Sidonian Virgins paid their Vows and Songs,
In *Sion* also not unsung, where stood
Her Temple on th'offensive Mountain, built
By that uxorious King, whose heart though large,
Beguil'd by fair Idolatresses, fell

440

To Idols foul. *Thammuz* came next behind,
Whose annual wound in *Lebanon* allur'd
The *Syrian* Damsels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all a Summer's day,
While smooth *Adonis* from his native Rock
Ran purple to the Sea, suppos'd with blood
Of *Iacnmuz* yearly wounded : the Love-tale
Infected *Sion*'s daughters with like heat,
Whose wanton Passions in the sacred Porch
Ezekiel saw, when by the Vision led
His eye survey'd the dark Idolatries
Of alienated *Judah*. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earnest, when the Captive Ark
Maim'd his brute Image, head and hands lopt off
In his own Temple, on the grunsel edge,
Where he fell flat, and sham'd his Worshipers :
Dagon his Name, Sea Monster, upward Man
And downward Fish : yet had his Temple high
Rear'd in *Azotus*, dreaded through the Coast

450

46c

Of *Palestine*, in *Gath* and *Ascalon*,
 And *Accaron* and *Gaza*'s frontier bounds.
 Him follow'd *Rimmon*, whose delightful Seat
 Was fair *Damascus*, on the fertil banks
 Of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, lucid streams.
 He also against the house of God was bold : 470
 A Leper once he lost and gain'd a King,
Ahaz his sottish Conquerour, whom he drew
 God's Altar to disparage and displace
 For one of *Syrian* mode, whereon to burn
 His odious off'rings, and adore the Gods
 Whom he had vanquisht. After these appear'd
 A crew who under Names of old Renown,
Osiris, *Isis*, *Orus*, and their Train,
 With monstrous shapes and sorceries abus'd
 Fanatick *Ægypt* and her Priests, to seek 480
 Their wandring Gods disguis'd in brutish forms
 Rather than human. Nor did *Israel* 'scape
 Th'infection, when their borrow'd Gold compos'd
 The Calf in *Oreb* ; and the Rebel King
 Doubl'd that sin in *Bethel* and in *Dan*,
 Lik'ning his Maker to the Grazed Ox,
Jehovah, who in one Night when he pass'd
 From *Ægypt* marching, equall'd with one stroke
 Both her first-born and all her bleating Gods.
Belial came last, than whom a Spirit more lewd 490
 Fell not from Heaven, or more gross to love
 Vice for it self : To him no Temple stood
 Or Altar smoak'd ; yet who more oft than he
 In Temples and at Altars, when the Priest
 Turns Atheist, as did *Ely*'s Sons, who fill'd
 With lust and violence the house of God ?
 In Courts and Palaces he also Reigns
 And in luxurious Cities, where the noise
 Of riot ascends above their loftiest Towrs,
 And injury and outrage : And when Night 500

Darkens the Streets, then wander forth the Sons
Of *Belial*, flown with insolence and wine.

Witness the Streets of *Sodom*, and that night
In *Gibeath*, when the hospitable door
Expos'd a Matron to avoid worse rape.

These were the prime in order and in might ;
The rest were long to tell, though far renown'd,
Th' *Ionian* Gods, of *Javan's* Issue held

Gods, yet confess'd later than Heav'n and Earth

510

Their boasted Parents ; *Titan* Heav'ns first-born,

With his enormous brood, and birthright seiz'd

By younger *Saturn*, he from mightier *Jove*

His own and *Rhea's* Son like measure found ;

So *Jove* usurping reign'd : these first in *Crete*

And *Ida* known, thence on the snowy top

Of cold *Olympus* rul'd the middle Air

Their highest Heav'n ; or on the *Delphian* Cliff,

Or in *Dodona*, and through all the bounds

Of *Doric* Land ; or who with *Saturn* old

Fled over *Adria* to th'*Hesperian* Fields,

520

And o'er the *Celtick* roam'd the utmost Isles.

All these and more came flocking ; but with looks

Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd

Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief

Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost

In loss it self ; which on his count'nance cast

Like doubtful hue : but he his wonted pride

Soon recollecting, with high words, that bore

Semblance of worth, not substance, gently rais'd

Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.

Then strait commands that at the warlike sound

Of Trumpets loud and Clarions be uprear'd

His mighty Standard ; that proud honour claim'd

Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall :

Who forthwith from the glittering Staff unfurl'd

Th' Imperial Ensign, which full high advanc'd

530

Shone like a Meteor streaming to the Wind
 With Gems and golden lustre rich imblaz'd
 Seraphic Arms and Trophies ; all the while
 Sonorous metal blowing Martial Sounds : 540

At which the universal Host up sent
 A shout that tore Hell's Concave, and beyond
 Frighted the Reign of *Chaos* and old Night.
 All in a moment through the gloom were seen
 Ten thousand Banners rise into the Air
 With orient Colours waving : with them rose
 A Forest huge of Spears ; and thronging Helms
 Appear'd, and serried Shields in thick array
 Of depth immeasurable : Anon they move
 In perfect *Phalanx* to the *Dorian* mood 550

Of Flutes and soft Recorders ; such as rais'd
 To height of noblest temper Hero's old
 Arming to Battel, and in stead of rage
 Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
 With dread of death to flight or foul retreat,
 Nor wanting power to mitigate and swage
 With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
 Anguish and doubt and fear and sorrow and pain
 From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they
 Breathing united force with fixed thought 560

Mov'd on in silence to soft Pipes that charm'd
 Their painful steps o'er the burnt soyl ; and now
 Advanc't in view, they stand, a horrid Front
 Of dreadful length and dazzling Arms, in guise
 Of Warriers old with order'd Spear and Shield,
 Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
 Had to impose : He through the armed Files
 Darts his experienc't eye, and soon traverse
 The whole Battalion views, their order due,
 Their visages and stature as of Gods, 570

Their number last he summs. And now his heart
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength

Glories : For never since created man,
 Met such imbodyed force, as nam'd with these
 Could merit more than that small infantry
 Warr'd on by Cranes ; though all the Giant brood
 Of *Phlegra* with th'Heroick Race were join'd
 That fought at *Theb's* and *Ilium*, on each side
 Mix'd with auxiliar Gods ; and what resounds
 In Fable or Romance of *Uther's* Son 580
 Begirt with *British* and *Armoric* Knights ;
 And all who since, Baptiz'd or Infidel
 Jousted in *Aspramont* or *Montalban*,
Damasco, or *Marocco*, or *Trebisond*,
 Or whom *Biserta* sent from *Afric* shoar
 When *Charlemain* with all his Peerage fell
 By *Fontarabbia*. Thus far these beyond
 Comparc of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
 Their dread commander : he, above the rest
 In snapre and gesture proudly eminent 590
 Stood like a Tow'r ; his Form had yet not lost
 All her Original brightness, nor appear'd
 Less than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and th' excess
 Of Glory obscur'd : As when the Sun new ris'n
 Looks through the Horizontal misty Air
 Shorn of his Beams, or from behind the Moon
 In dim Eclipse, disastrous Twilight sheds
 On half the Nations, and with fear of Change
 Perplexes Monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
 Above them all th'Arch-Angel : but his face 600
 Deep scars of Thunder had intrencht, and care
 Sate on his taded cheek, but under Brows
 Of dauntless courage, and consid'rate Pride
 Waiting revenge : cruel his eye, but cast
 Signs of remorse and passion to behold
 The fellows o^f his crime, the followers rather
 (Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
 For ever now to have their lot in pain,

Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc't
 Of Heav'n, and from Eternal Splendors flung
 For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
 Their Glory wither'd. As when Heaven's Fire
 Hath scath'd the Forrest Oaks, or Mountain Pines,
 With singed top their stately growth though bare
 Stands on the blasted Heath. He now prepar'd
 To speak ; whereat their doubl'd Ranks they bend
 From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
 With all his Peers : Attention held them mute.
 Thrice he assay'd, and thrice in spight of Scorn,
 Tears such as Angels weep, burst forth : at last
 Words interwove with sighs found out their way.

610

O Myriads of immortal Spirits, O Powers
 Matchless, but with th' Almighty, and that strife
 Was not inglorious, though th'event was dire,
 As this place testifies, and this dire change
 Hateful to utter : but what power of mind
 Foreseeing or presaging, from the Depth
 Of knowledge past or present, could have fear'd,
 How such united force of Gods, how such
 As stood like these, could ever know repulse ?

620

For who can yet believe, though after loss,
 That all these puissant Legions, whose exile
 Hath emptied Heav'n, shall fail to re-ascend
 Self-rais'd, and repossess their native seat ?
 For me be witness all the Host of Heav'n,
 If counsels different, or danger shun'd
 By me, have lost our hopes. But he who reigns
 Monarch in Heav'n, 'till then as one secure
 Sate on his Throne, upheld by old repute,
 Consent or custom, and his Regal State

630

Put forth at full, but still his strength conceal'd,
 Which tempted our attempt, and wrought ou'r fall.
 Henceforth his might we know, and know our own
 So as not either to provoke, or dread

New war, provok't ; our better part remains
 To work in close design, by fraud or guile,
 What force effected not : that he no less
 At length from us may find, who overcomes
 By force, hath overcome but half his foe.

Space may produce new Worlds ; whereof so rife
 There went a fame in Heav'n that he e'er long
 Intended to create, and therein plant
 A generation, whom his choice regard
 Should favour equal to the Sons of Heaven :
 Thither, if but to pry, shall be perhaps
 Our first Eruption, thither or elsewhere :
 For this Infernal Pit shall never hold
 Celestial Spirits in Bondage, nor th'Abyss
 Long under darkness cover. But these thoughts
 Full counsel must mature ; Peace is despair'd,
 For who can think Submission ? War then, War
 Open or understood must be resolv'd.

650

He spake ; and to confirm his words out-flew
 Millions of flaming Swords, drawn from the thighs
 Of mighty Cherubim ; the sudden blaze
 Far round illumin'd Hell : highly they rag'd
 Against the Highest, and fierce with grasped Arms
 Clash'd on their sounding Shields the din of war,
 Hurling defiance toward the Vault of Heav'n.

660

There stood a Hill not far, whose grisly Top
 Belch'd fire ard rowling smoak ; the rest entire
 Shone with a glossy scurf, undoubted sign
 That in his womb was hid metallick Ore,
 The work of Sulphur. Thither wing'd with speed
 A numerous brigad hasten'd. As when Bands
 Of Pioneers with Spade and Pickax arm'd
 Fore-run the Royal Camp, to trench a Field,
 Or cast a Rampart. *Mammon* led them on,
Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell
 From Heav'n, for e'en in Heav'n his looks and thoughts 680

Were always downward bent, admiring more
 The riches of Heav'n's pavement, trodd'n Gold,
 Then aught divine or holy else enjoy'd
 In vision beatifick : by him first
 Men also, and by his suggestion taught,
 Ransack'd the Center, and with impious hands
 Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
 For Treasures better hid. Soon had his crew
 Open'd into the Hill a spacious wound,
 And dig'd out ribs of Gold. Let none admire
 That riches grow in Hell ; that soyle may best
 Deserve the precious bane. And here let those
 Who boast in mortal things, and wond'ring tell
 Of *Babel*, and the works of *Memphian* Kings
 Learn how their greatest Monuments of Fame,
 And Strength and Art are easily out-done
 By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
 What in an age they with incessant toyle
 And hands innumerable scarce perform.
 Vigh on the Plain in many cells prepar'd,
 That underneath had veins of liquid fire
 Sluc'd from the Lake, a second multitude
 With wondrous Art founded the massy Ore,
 Severing each kind, and scum'd the Bullion dross :
 A third as soon had form'd within the ground
 A various mould, and from the boiling cells
 By strange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook,
 As in an Organ from one blast of Wind
 To many a row of Pipes the sound-board breaths.
 Anon out of the Earth a Fabrick huge
 Rose like an Exhalation, with the sound
 Of dulcet Symphonies and voices sweet,
 Built like a Temple where *Pilasters* round
 Were set, and Doric Pillars overlaid
 With golden Architrave ; nor did there want
 Cornice or Freeze, with bossy Sculptures grav'n,

690

700

710

The Roof was fretted Gold. Not *Babylon*,
 Nor great *Alcairo* such magnificence
 Equall'd in all their glories, to inshrine
Belus or *Serapis* their Gods, or seat 720
 Their Kings, when *Ægypt* with *Assyria* strove
 In wealth and luxury. Th'ascending pile
 Stood fixt her stately heighth, and streight the doors
 Op'ning their brazen folds discover wide
 Within her ample spaces, o'er the smooth
 And level pavement : from the arched roof,
 Pendent by subtle Magic, many a row
 Of Starry Lamps and blazing Cressets fed,
 With *Naphtha* and *Asphaltus* yielded light
 As from a Sky. The hasty multitude 730
 Admiring enter'd, and the work some praise
 And some the Architect : his hand was known
 In Heav'n by many a Towred structure high,
 Where Sceptred Angels held their residence,
 And sate as Princes, whom the supreme King
 Exalted to such power, and gave to rule,
 Each in his Hierarchy, the Orders bright.
 Nor was his name unheard or unador'd
 In ancient *Greece* ; and in *Ausonian* Land
 Men call'd him *Mulciber* ; and how he fell 740
 From Heav'n, they fabl'd thrown by angry *Jove*
 Sheer o'er the Chrystal Battlements ; from Morn
 To Noon he fell, from Noon to dewy Eve,
 A Summer's day ; and with the setting Sun
 Dropt from the Zenith like a falling Star,
 On *Lemnos* th'*Ægean* Isle : thus they relate,
 Erring ; for he with this rebellious rout
 Fell long before ; nor aught avail'd him now
 T'have built in Heav'n high Towns ; nor did he scape
 By all his Engins, but was headlong sent 750
 With his industrious crew to build in Hell.
 Mean while the winged Heralds by command

Of Sov'reign Pow'r, with awful Ceremony
And Trumpets sound throughout the Host proclaim
A solemn Council forthwith to be held
At *Pandæmonium*, the high Capital
Of Satan and his Peers : their summons call'd
From every Band and squared Regiment
By place or choice the worthiest ; they anon
With hundreds and with thousands trooping came
Attended : all access was throng'd, the gates
And Porches wide, but chief the spacious Hall
(Though like a cover'd Field, where Champions bold
Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's Chair
Defi'd the best of *Panim Chivalry*
To mortal Combat, or carriere with Lance)
Thick swarm'd, both on the ground and in the air,
Brush'd with the hiss of rusling Wings. As Bees
In spring time, when the Sun with *Taurus* rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the Hive
In clusters ; they among fresh Dews and Flowrs
Fly to and fro, or on the smoothed Plank,
The Suburb of their Straw-built Cittadel,
New rubb'd with Baum, expatiate and confer
Their State affairs. So thick the aery crowd
Swarm'd and were straitn'd ; till the Signal giv'n.
Behold a wonder ! they but now who seem'd
In bigness to surpass Earth's Giant Sons
Now less than smallest Dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless, like that Pigmean Race
Beyond the *Indian* Mount, or Faery Elves,
Whose midnight Revels, by a Forest side
Or Fountain some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the Moon
Sits Arbitress, and nearer to the Earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund Music charm his Ear ;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

760

770

780

Thus incorporeal Spirits to smallest forms
Reduc'd their Shapes immense, and were at large, 790
Though without number still amidst the Hall
Of that infernal Court. But far within,
And in their own dimensions like themselves,
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim,
In close recess and secret conclave sate
A thousand Demy-Gods on golden seats,
Frequent and full. After short silence then
And summons read, the great Consult began.

The End of the First Book.

QUESTIONS ON Book I

A

1. Describe briefly the story of Book I.
2. By what means have the prostrate angels of the beginning of the book become the disciplined and hopeful army of the end of it?
3. Show how Satan is the dominating character of this book.

B

1. In what spirit does Milton approach his task?
2. What words in lines 58, 123, 406, 675, were evidently pronounced in Milton's day differently from now?
3. Explain carefully (1) the spirit, (2) the arguments, of Satan's first speech.
4. Describe the scenery of this book.
5. What similes are contained in this book? What exactly is it which they help us to imagine?
6. In what respects does Satan strike you as a heroic character?
7. Illustrate from this book Milton's magical use of beautiful names.
8. When is Satan sarcastic?
9. What is Milton's idea of the origin of false gods?
10. What information can you obtain from the Catalogue of Bad Angels of religion in ancient Egypt, Syria and Palestine?
11. What evidence can you find of Milton's love of music?
12. Pick out six lines in different parts of the book which you cannot understand, and explain exactly what your difficulty is.
13. Has Satan any elements of unselfishness?
14. What is the character of (a) Mammon, (b) Beelzebub, (c) Moloch?
15. Describe carefully the Palace at Pandemonium.
16. Pick out two passages which strike you as especially beautiful and try to explain why you think them so.
17. Explain carefully, sentence by sentence, the thoughts that pass through Beelzebub's mind as he makes his first speech.
18. What can you learn from this book about (a) Mulciber, (b) fairies, (c) Charlemagne?
19. "Uther's son" (line 580) = King Arthur, and "the Tuscan artist" (line 288) = Galileo. Find another example of a description instead of a name.
20. Read over to yourself lines 242-263 and then read them aloud, carefully but without exaggeration, as you think they ought to be read.
21. Make in tabular form a plan or summary of Book I.
22. Set yourself three other questions out of Book I and answer them.
- *23. Is Milton successful in getting over the difficulties inherent in an attempt to describe immaterial spirits?
- *24. Milton said elsewhere that poetry must be "simple, sensuous

and passionate." This means that it must stimulate our imaginations so that we form pictures in our minds of what is described, and that it must stir our emotions. Is this true of Book I of *Paradise Lost*?

*25. What does "sublime" (as a term in criticism) mean? Illustrate from Book I.

*26. What does "romantic" mean? Illustrate from Book I.

C

1. What passages of the Bible are in Milton's mind as he writes his opening paragraphs?

2. Compare the passage in Exodus xiv. with Milton's picture of the overthrow of "Busiris and his Memphian chivalry."

3. Compare the account of the plague of locusts in Exodus with the allusion to it here.

4. Illustrate some other passages in this book by reference to chapters of the Old Testament.

5. "The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

Compare Satan with Mephistopheles in Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus*.¹

6. Illustrate from Spenser's *Faerie Queene* Milton's conception of chivalry as seen in lines 763-6 of this book.²

7. Compare the "Fall of the Angels" in any of the Miracle Play cycles with Milton's picture thereof.³

8. Have Milton's interests changed since he wrote *L'Allegro*?

9. Compare Milton's view of the "sons of Belial" with Addison's in "Sir Roger at the Play."⁴

*10. Compare Milton's use of blank verse with Shakespeare's.

*11. Compare the opening of *Paradise Lost* with that of some other epics.⁵

*12. How far do you think that the part Milton had taken in politics makes him unable to avoid sympathising with the rebel angels?

*13. Show how Milton fuses his knowledge of (1) the Bible, (2) Greek and Latin literature.

*14. How does a knowledge of Milton's life add fresh interest to particular passages, e.g., line 303 and others?

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT

*The Consultation begun, Satan debates whether another Battel
be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven : some advise it,
others dissuade : A third proposal is preferr'd, mention'd before
by Satan, to search the truth of that Prophecy or Tradition in
Heaven concerning another World, and another kind of Crea-
ture, equal, or not much inferiour to themselves, about this time
to be created : Their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult
search : Satan their Chief undertakes alone the Voyage, is
honour'd and applauded. The Council thus ended, the rest
betake them several ways, and to several imployments, as their
inclinations lead them, to entertain the time 'till Satan return.
He passes on his Journey to Hell Gates, finds them shut, and
who sate there to guard them, by whom at length they are open'd,
and discover to him the great Gulf between Hell and Heuven ;
with what difficulty he passes through, directed by Chaos, the
Power of that place, to the sight of this new World which he
sought.*

HIGH on a Throne of Royal State, which far
 Outshone the wealth of *Ormus* and of *Ind*,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showrs on her Kings *Barbaric* Pearl and Gold,
Satan exalted sat, by merit rais'd
 To that bad eminence ; and from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain War with Heav'n, and by success untaught
 His proud imaginations thus display'd.

10

Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heav'n,
 For since no deep within her gulph can hold
 Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fall'n,
 I give not Heav'n for lost. From this descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate :
 Me though just right, and the fix'd Laws of Heav'n
 Did first create your Leader, next free choice,
 With what besides, in Council or in Fight,
 Hath been atchiev'd of merit, yet this loss
 Thus far at least recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe unenvied Throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In Heav'n, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferiour ; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim
 Your bulwark, and condemns the greatest share
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
 From Faction ; for none sure will claim in Hell

20

30

Precedence ; none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm Faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in Heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us ; and by what best way, 40
 Whether of open War or covert guile,
 We now debate ; who can advise may speak.

He ceas'd, and next him *Moloc*, sceptred King
 Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest Spirit
 That fought in Heav'n, now fiercer by despair :
 His trust was with th'Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength, and rather than be less
 Car'd not to be at all ; with that care lost
 Went all his fear : of God, or Hell, or worse,
 He reck'd not ; and these words hereafter spake : 50

My sentence is for open War : of Wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not : them let those
 Contrive who need, or when they need, not now :
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in Arms, and longing wait
 The Signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here
 Heav'ns fugitives, and for their dwelling place
 Accept this dark opprobrious Den of shame,
 The Prison of his Tyranny who reigns
 By our delay ? no, let us rather chuse, 60
 Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once
 O'er Heav'ns high Towrs to force resistless way,
 Turning our Tortures into horrid Arms
 Against the Torturer ; when to meet the noise
 Of his Almighty Engine he shall hear
 Infernal Thunder, and for Lightning see
 Black fire and horrour shot with equal rage
 Among his Angels ; and his Throne it self

Mixt with *Tartarean* Sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented Torments. But perhaps
 The way seems difficult and steep, to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe.
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetfull Lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat : descent and fall
 To us is adverse. Who but felt of late
 When the fierce Foe hung on our broken Rere
 Insulting and pursu'd us through the Deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low ? Th'ascent is easie then ;
 Th'event is fear'd ; should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction : if there be in Hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd : what can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from Bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred Deep to utter woe ;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end
 The Vassals of his anger, when the Scourge
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour
 Calls us to Penance ? More destroy'd than thus
 We should be quite abolish'd and expire.
 What fear we then ? what doubt we to incense
 His utmost Ire ? which to the heighth enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential, happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being :
 Or if our substance be indeed Divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
 On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his Heav'n,
 And with perpetual inrodes to allarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal Throne :

70

80

90

100

Which, if not Victory, is yet Revenge.

He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
 Desperate revenge, and Battel dangerous
 To less than Gods. On th'other side up rose
Belial, in act more gracefull and humane ;
 A fairer person lost not Heav'n ; he seem'd
 For dignity compos'd and high exploit :
 But all was false and hollow ; though his Tongue
 Dropt Manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better Reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest Counsels : for his Thoughts were low ;
 To Vice industrious, but to Nobler deeds
 Tim'rous and slothful : yet he pleas'd the Ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began.

I should be much for open War, O Peers !

As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd
 Main reason to persuade immediate War,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success :
 When he who most excells in fact of Arms,
 In what he counsels and in what excells
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.

First, what Revenge ? the Towns of Heav'n are fill'd
 With armed Watch, that render all access
 Impregnable ; oft on the bordering Deep
 Encamp their Legions, or with obscure wing
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprize. Or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all Hell should rise
 With blackest Insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest Light, yet our great Enemy
 All incorruptible would on his Throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th'Ethereal mold
 Incapable of stain would soon expell

110

120

130

140

Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair : we must exasperate
 Th' Almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us, that must be our cure,
 To be no more ; sad cure ; for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through Eternity ;
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night, 150
 Devoid of sense and motion ! and who knows,
 Let this be good, whether our angry Foe
 Can give it, or will ever ; how he can
 Is doubtfull ; that he never will is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through Impotence, or unaware,
 To give his Enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless ? wherefore cease we then ?
 Say they who counsel War, we are decreed, 160
 Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe ;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
 What can we suffer worse ? is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in Arms ?
 What when we fled amain, pursu'd and strook
 With Heav'ns afflicting Thunder, and besought
 The Deep to shelter us ; this Hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds : or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning Lake ? that sure was worse,
 What if the breath that kindl'd those grim fires 170
 Awak'd should blow them into sevenfold rage
 And plunge us in the flames ? or from above
 Should intermitted Vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us ? what if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this Firmament
 Of Hell should spout her Cataracts of Fire,

Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads ; while we perhaps
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery Tempest shall be hurl'd 180
Each on his Rock transfixt, the sport and prey
Of racking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boyling Ocean, wrapt in Chains ;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeless end ? this would be worse.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades ; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whose eye
Views all things at one view ? he from Heav'n's heighth 190
All these our motions vain sees and derides ;
Not more Almighty to resist our might
Than wise to frustrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heav'n
Thus tramp'l'd, thus expell'd to suffer here
Chains and these Torments ? better these than worse
By my advice ; since fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent Decree,
The Victor's Will. To suffer, as to doe,
Our strength is equal, nor the Law unjust 200
That so ordains : This was at first resolv'd
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtfull what might fall
I laugh, when those who at the Spear are bold
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear
What yet they know must follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their Conqueror : This is now
Our doom : which if we can sustain and bear,
Our supreme Foe in time may much remit 210
His anger, and perhaps thus far remov'd
Not mind us not offending, satisfi'd

With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires
 Will slacken, if his breath stir not their Flames.
 Our purer essence then will overcome
 Their noxious vapour, or enur'd not feel,
 Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
 In temper and in nature, will receive
 Familiar the fierce heat, and void of Pain ;
 This horrour will grow mild, this darkness light, 220
 Besides what hope the never-ending flight
 Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
 Worth waiting, since our present lot appears
 For happy though but ill, for ill not worst,
 If we procure not to our selves more woe.

Thus *Belial* with words cloath'd in Reason's garb
 Counsel'd ignoble ease, and peacefull sloth,
 Not peace : and after him thus *Mammon* spake.

Either to disenthrone the King of Heav'n
 We war, if war be best, or to regain 230
 Our own right lost : him to unthrone we then
 May hope when everlasting Fate shall yield
 To fickle Chance, and *Chaos* judge the strife :
 The former vain to hope argues as vain
 The latter : for what place can be for us
 Within Heav'ns bound, unless Heav'ns Lord supream
 We overpower ? Suppose he should relent
 And publish Grace to all, on promise made
 Of new Subjection ; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive 240
 Strict Laws impos'd, to celebrate his Throne
 With warbled Hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forc'd Halleluiah's ; while he Lordly sits
 Our envi'd Sov'reign, and his Altar breathes
 Ambrosial Odours and Ambrosial Flowers,
 Our servile offerings. This must be our task
 In Heav'n, this our delight ; how wearisome
 Eternity so spent in worship paid

To whom we hate. Let us not then pursue
By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heav'n, our state
Of splendid vassalage, but rather seek
Our own good from our selves, and from our own
Live to our selves, though in this vast recess,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring
Hard liberty before the easie yoke
Of servile Pomp. Our greatness will appear
Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse
We can create, and in what place so e'er 250
Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain
Through labour and indurance. This deep world
Of darkness do we dread ? How oft amidst
Thick cloud and dark doth Heav'n's all-ruling Sire
Chuse to reside, his Glory unobscur'd,
And with the Majesty of darkness round
Covers his Throne ; from whence deep thunders roar
Must'ring their rage, and Heav'n resembles Hell ?
As he our darkness, cannot we his Light
Imitate when we please ? This desert soil 260
Wants not her hidden lustre, Gems and Gold ;
Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
Magnificence ; and what can Heav'n shew more ?
Our torments also may in length of time
Become our Elements, these piercing Fires
As soft as now severe, our temper chang'd
Into their temper ; which must needs remove
The sensible of pain. All things invite
To peaceful Counsels, and the settl'd State
Of order, how in safety best we may 270
Compose our present evils, with regard
Of what we are and were, dismissing quite
All thoughts of war : ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finisht, when such murmur fill'a

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Th'Assembly, as when hollow Rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had rouz'd the Sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Sea-faring men o'rewatch'd, whose Bark by chance
 Or Pinace anchors in a craggy Bay

After the Tempest : Such applause was heard 290
 As *Mammon* ended, and his Sentence pleas'd,
 Advising peace : For such another Field
 They dreaded worse than Hell : So much the fear
 Of Thunder and the Sword of *Michael*
 Wrought still within them ; and no less desire
 To found this nether Empire, which might rise
 By policy, and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to Heav'n.

Which when *Beelzebub* perceiv'd, than whom,
Satan except, none higher sat, with grave 300
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A Pillar of State ; deep on his Front engraven
 Deliberation sat and public Care ;
 And Princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic though in ruin : sage he stood
 With *Atlantean* shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest Monarchies ; his look
 Drew audience and attention still as Night
 Or Summers Noon-tide air, while thus he spake.

Thrones and Imperial Powers, off-spring of heav'n 310
 Ethereal Vertues ; or these Titles now
 Must we renounce, and changing stile be call'd
 Princes of Heil ? for so the popular vote
 Inclines, herc to continue, and build up here
 A growing Empire ; doubtless ; while we dream,
 And know not that the King of Heav'n hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon, not our safe retreat
 Beyond his Potent arm, to live exempt
 From Heav'n's high jurisdiction, in new League
 Banded against his Throne, but to remain 320

In strictest bondage, though thus far remov'd,
 Under th'inevitable curb, reserv'd
 His captive multitude : For he, be sure,
 In height or depth, still first and last will Reign
 Sole King, and of his Kingdom loose no part
 By our revolt, but over Hell extend
 His Empire, and with Iron Scepter rule
 Us here, as with his Golden those in Heav'n.
 What sit we then projecting Peace and War ?
 War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loss
 Irreparable ; terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsaf'd or sought ; for what Peace will be giv'n
 To us enslav'd, but custody severe,
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted ? and what peace can we return ?
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the Conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel ?
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heav'n, whose high walls fear no Assault or Siege,
 Or Ambush from the Deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprize ? There is a place
 (If ancient and prophetic fame in Heav'n
 Err not) another World, the happy seat
 Of some new Race call'd *Man*, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of him who rules above ; so was his will
 Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an Oath,
 That shok Heav'n's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn
 What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
 Or substance, how endu'd, and what their Power,

330

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And where their weakness, how attempted best,
By force or subtlety : Though Heav'n be shut,
And Heav'ns high Arbitrator sit secure

In his own strength, this place may lye expos'd

360

The utmost border of his Kingdom, left

To their defence who hold it : here perhaps

Some advantagious act may be achiev'd

By sudden onset, either with Hell fire

To wast his whole Creation, or possess

All as our own, and drive as we were driven,

The punie habitants, or if not drive,

Seduce them to our Party, that their God

May prove their foe, and with repenting hand

Abolish his own works. This would surpass

370

Common revenge, and interrupt his joy

In our confusion, and our Joy upraise

In his aisturbance ; when his darling Sons

Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse

Their frail Original, and faded bliss,

Faded so soon. Advise if this be worth

Attempting, or to sit in darkness here

Hatching vain Empires. Thus *Beelzebul*

Pleaded his devilish Counsel, first devis'd

By *Satan*, and in part propos'd : for whence,

380

But from the Author of all ill could spring

So deep a malice, to confound the race

Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell

To mingle and involve, done all to spite

The great Creatour ? But their spite still serves

His glory to augment. The bold design

Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy

Sparkl'd in all t'l.eir eyes ; with full assent

They vote : whereat his speech he thus renewes.

Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,

390

Synod of Gods, and like to what ye are,

Great thirgs resolv'd, which from the lowest deep

Will once more lift us up, in spight of Fate,
 Nearer our ancient Seat ; perhaps in view
 Of those bright confines, whence with neighbouring Arms
 And opportune excursion we may chance
 Re-enter Heav'n ; or else in some mild Zone
 Dwell not unvisited of Heav'n's fair Light
 Secure, and at the brightning Orient beam
 Purge off this gloom ; the soft delicious Air, 400
 To heal the scar of these corrosive Fires
 Shall breathe her balm. But first whom shall we send
 In search of this new world, whom shall we find
 Sufficient ? who shall tempt with wandring feet
 The dark unbottom'd infinite Abyss,
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
 Upborn with indefatigable wings
 Over the vast abrupt, e'er he arrive
 The happy Isle ; what strength, what art can then 410
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict Senteries and Stations thick
 Of angels watching round ? Here he had need
 All circumspection, and we now no less
 Choice in our suffrage ; for on whom we send,
 The weight of all and our last hope relies.

This said, he sat ; and expectation held
 His look suspence, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt : But all sat mute, 420
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts ; and each
 In others count'nance read his own dismay
 Astonisht : none among the choice and prime
 Of those Heav'n-warring Champions could be found
 So hardy as to proffer or accept
 Alone the dreadful voyage ; till at last
Satan, whom now transcendent glory rais'd
 Above his fellows, with Monarchal pride

Conscious of highest worth, unmov'd thus spake.

O Progeny of Heav'n, Empyreal Thrones,
With reason hath deep silence and demurr
Seis'd us, though undismai'd : long is the way
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light ;
Our prison strong, this huge convex of Fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold, and gates of burning Adamant
Barr'd over us prohibit all egress.

These past, if any pass, the void profound
Of unessential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loss of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he scape into whatever world,
Or unknown Region, what remains him less
Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape ?
But I should ill become this Throne, O Peers,
And this Imperial Sov'reignty, adorn'd
With splendor, arm'd with power, if ought propos'd
And judg'd of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger could deter

Me from attempting. Wherefore do I assume
These Royalties, and not refuse to Reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike

To him who Reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits ? Go therefore mighty Powers,
Terror of Heav'n, though fall'n ; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render Hell

More tollerable ; if there be cure or charm
To respite or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill Mansion : intermit no watch
Against a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the Coasts of dark destruction seek

430

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460

Deliverance for us all : this enterprize
 None shall partake with me. Thus saying rose
 The Monarch, and prevented all reply,
 Prudent, lest from his resolution rais'd
 Others among the chief might offer now
 (Certain to be refus'd) what erst they fear'd ; 470
 And so refus'd might in opinion stand
 His Rivals, winning cheap the high repute
 Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
 Dreaded not more th'adventure than his voice
 Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose ;
 Their rising all at once was as the sound
 Of Thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
 With awful reverence prone ; and as a God
 Extoll him equal to the highest in Heav'n :
 Nor fail'd they to express how much they prais'd, 480
 That for the general safety he despis'd
 His own : for neither do the Spirits damn'd
 Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
 Their specious deeds on Earth, which glory excites,
 Or close ambition varnish o're with zeal.
 Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
 Ended rejoicing in their matchless Chief :
 As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds
 Ascending, while the North-wind sleeps, o'er-spread
 Heav'n's cheerful face, the lowring Element 490
 Scowls o're the dark'nd lantskip Snow, or showre ;
 If chance the radiant Sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.
 O shame to men ! Devil with Devil damn'd
 Firm concord holds, men only disagree
 Of Creatures rational, though under hope
 Of heavenly Grace : and God proclaiming peace, 500
 Yet live in hatred, enmity, and strie

Among themselves, and levie cruel wars,
Wasting the Earth, each other to destroy :
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not hellish foes anow besides,
That day and night for his destruction wait.

The *Stygian* Counsel thus dissolv'd ; and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers,
'Midst came their mighty Paramount, and seem'd
Alone th'Antagonist of Heav'n, nor less
Than Hell's dread Emperour with pomp supream,

510

And God-like imitated State ; him round
A Globe of fiery Seraphim inclos'd

With bright imblazonry, and horrent Arms.
Then of their Session ended they bid cry

With Trumpets regal sound the great result :
Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding Alchymie
By Heralds Voice explain'd ; the hollow Abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the Host of Hell
With deafning shout, return'd them loud acclaim.

520

Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged powers
Disband, and wandring, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplext, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksom hours, till this great Chief return.
Part on the Plain, or in the Air sublime

Upon the wir g, or in swift Race contend,
As at th'Olynpian Games or *Pythian* fields ;
Part curb their fiery Steeds, or shun the Goal
With rapid whees, or fronted Brigads form.

530

As when to warn proud Cities war appears
Wag'd in the troubl'd Sky, and Armies rush
To Battel in the Clouds, before each Van
Prick forthl the Aery Knights, and couch their Spears

Till thickest Legions close ; with feats of Arms
 From either end of Heav'n the welkin burns.
 Others with vast *Typhæan* rage more fell
 Rend up both Rocks and Hills, and ride the Air 540
 In whirlwind ; Hell scarce holds the wild uproar.
 As when *Alcides* from *Oechalia* crown'd
 With conquest, felt th'envenom'd robe, and tore
 Through pain up by the roots *Thessalian* Pines,
 And *Lichas* from the top of *Oeta* threw
 Into th'Euboic Sea. Others more mild,
 Retreated in a silent valley, sing
 With notes Angelical to many a Harp
 Their own Heroic deeds and hapless fall
 By doom of Battel ; and complain that Fate 550
 Free Virtue should enthrall to Force or Chance.
 Their Song was partial, but the harmony
 (What could it less when Spirits immortal sing ?)
 Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
 The thronging audience. In discourse more sweet
 (For Eloquence the Soul, Song charms the Sense,) 560
 Others apart sat on a Hill retir'd,
 In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high
 Of Providence, Foreknowledge, Will and Fate,
 Fixt Fate, free Will, Foreknowledge absolute,
 And found no end, in wandring mazes lost.
 Of good and evil much they argued then,
 Of happiness and final misery,
 Passion and Apathie, and glory and shame,
 Vain wisdom all, and false Philosophy :
 Yet with a pleasing sorcery could charm 570
 Pain for a while or anguish, and excite
 Fallacious hope, or arm th'obdured breast
 With stibborn patience as with triple steel.
 Another Part in Squadrons and gross Bands,
 On bold adventure to discover wide
 That dismal world, if any Clime perhaps

Might yield them easier habitation, bend
 Four ways their flying March, along the Banks
 Of four infernal Rivers that disgorge
 Into the burning Lake their baleful streams ;
 Abhorred *Styx* the flood of deadly hate,
 Sad *Acheron* of sorrow, black and deep ;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
 Heard on the ruful stream ; fierce *Phlegeton*
 Whose waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
 Far off from these a slow and silent stream,
Lethe the River of Oblivion rolls
 Her watry Labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
 Forthwith his former state and being forgets,
 Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.
 Beyond this flood a frozen Continent
 Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual storms
 Of Whirlwind and dire Hail, which on firm land
 Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin seems
 Of ancient pile ; all else deep snow and ice,
 A gulf profound as that *Serbonian Bog*
 Betwixt *Damiata* and mount *Casius* old,
 Where Armies whole have sunk : the parching Air
 Burns frore, and cold performs th'effect of Fire.
 Thither by harpy-footed furies hail'd,
 At certain revolutions all the damn'd
 Are brought : and feel by turns the bitter change
 Of fierce extreams, extreams by change more fierce,
 From Beds of raging Fire to starve in Ice
 Their soft Ethereal warmth, and there to pine
 Immovable, infixt, and frozen round,
 Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.
 They ferry over this *Lethean* Sound
 Both to and fro, their sorrow to augment,
 And wish and struggle, as they pass, to reach
 The tempting stream, with one small drop to lose
 In sweet forgetfulness all pain and woe,

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All in one moment, and so near the brink ;
 But fate withstands, and to oppose th'attempt 610
Medusa with *Gorgonian* terrour guards
 The Ford, and of it self the water flies
 All tast of living wight, as once it fled
 The lip of *Tantalus*. Thus roving on
 In confus'd march forlorn th'adventurous Bands
 With shuddring horrour pale, and eyes agast
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found
 No rest : through many a dark and dreary Vale
 They pass'd, and many a Region dolorous,
 O'er many a Frozen, many a fiery Alp, 620
 Rocks, Caves, Lakes, Fens, Bogs, Dens, and shades of
 death,
 A Universe of death, which God by curse
 Created evil, for evil only good,
 Where all life dies, death lives, and Nature breeds,
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
 Abominable, inutterable, and worse
 Than Fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons and *Hydra's*, and *Chimera's* dire.

Mean while the Adversary of God and Man,
Satan with thoughts inflam'd of highest design, 630
 Puts on swift wings, and towards the Gates of Hell
 Explores his solitary flight ; sometimes
 He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,
 Now shaves with level wing the Deep, then soars
 Up to the fiery Concave towring high.
 As when far off at Sea a Fleet descry'd
 Hangs in the clouds, by *Aequinoctial* Winds
 Close sailing from *Bengala*, or the Isles
 Of *Ternate* and *Tidore*, whence Merchants bring
 Their spicy Drugs ; they on the Trading Floud 640
 Through the wide *Ethiopian* to the Cape
 Ply stemming nightly toward the Pole. So seem'd
 Far off the flying Fiend : at last appear

Hell bounds high reaching to the horrid Roof,
 And thrice threefold the Gates ; three folds were Brass,
 Three Iron, three of Adamantine Rock,
 Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
 Yet unconsum'd. Before the Gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape ;
 The one seem'd Woman to the waste, and fair,
 But ended foul in many a scaly fould
 Voluminous and vast, a Serpent arm'd
 With Mortal sting : about her middle round
 A cry of Hell Hounds never ceasing bark'd
 With wide *Cerberian* mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous Peal : yet, when they list, would creep,
 If ought disturb'd their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there, yet there still bark'd and howl'd,
 Within unseen. Far less abhorrd than these

Vex'd *Scylla*, bathing in the Sea that parts
Calalria from the hoarse *Trinacrian* shore :
 Nor uglier follow the Night-Hag, when call'd
 In secret, riding through the Air she comes
 Lur'd with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With *Lapland* Witches, while the lab'ring Moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joyn't, or limb,
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either ; black it stood as Night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
 And shook a dreadful Dart ; what seem'd his head
 The likeness of a Kingly Crown had on.

Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The Monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides, Hell trembled as he strode.
 Th'undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
 Admir'd, not fear'd ; God and his Son except,
 Created thing naught vali'd he nor shun'd ;

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And with disdainful look thus first began.

680

Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated Front athwart my way
To yonder Gates ? through them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave askt of thee :
Retire, or tast thy folly, and learn by proof,
Hell-born, not to contend with Spirits of Heav'n.

To whom the Goblin full of wrath reply'd,
Art thou that Traitor Angel, art thou he,
Who first broke peace in Heav'n and Faith, till then
Unbrok'n, and in proud rebellious Arms 690
Drew after him the third part of Heav'n's Sons
Conjur'd against the highest, for which both thou
And they outcast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste Eternal days in woe and pain ?
And reck'n'st thou thy self with Spirits of Heav'n,
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign King, and to enrage thee more,
Thy King and Lord ? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
Lest with a whip of Scorpions I pursue 700
Thy lingring, or with one stroke of this Dart
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.

So spake the griesly terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatning, grew tenfold
More dreadfull and deform : on th'other side
Incens'd with indignation *Satan* stood
Unterrifi'd, and like a Comet burn'd,
That fires the length of *Ophiucus* huge
In th'Artick Sky, and from his horrid hair
Shakes Pestilence and War. Each at the Head
Levell'd his deadly aim ; their fatal hands
No second stroke intend, and such a frown
Each cast at th'other, as when two black Clouds
With Heav'n's Artillery fraught, come rattling on

710

Over the *Caspian*, then stand front to front
 Hov'ring a space, till Winds the Signal blow
 To joyn their dark Encounter in mid air :
 So frown'd the mighty Combatants, that Hell
 Grew darker at their frown, so match'd they stood ; 720
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe : and now great deeds
 Had been atchiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung.
 Had not the Snaky Sorceress that sat
 Fast by Hell Gate, and kept the fatal Key,
 Ris'n, and with hideous outcry rush'd between.

O Father, what intends thy Hand, she cry'd,
 Against thy only Son ? What Fury O Son,
 Possesses thee to bend that mortal Dart
 Against thy Father's Head ? and know'st for whom ; 730
 For him who sits above and laughs the while
 At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
 What e're his wrath, which he calls Justice, bids,
 His Wrath which one day will destroy ye both.

She spake, and at her words the hellish Pest
 Forbore, then these to her *Satan* return'd :
 So strange thy outcry, and thy Words so strange
 Thou interposest, that my sudden hand
 Prevented spares to tell thee yet by deeds
 What it intends ; till first I know of thee,
 What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why
 In this infernal vale first met thou call'st
 Me Father, and that Fantasm call'st my Son ;
 I know thee not, nor ever saw till now
 Sight more aetestable than him and thee.

T'whom thus the Portress of Hell Gate reply'd ;
 Hast thou forgot me then, and do I seem
 Now in thine eye so foul, once deem'd so fair
 In Heav'n, when at th'Assembly, and in sight
 Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
 In bold conspiracy against Heav'n's King, 750

All on a sudden miserable pain
 Surpriz'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy swum
 In darkness, while thy head flames thick and fast
 Threw forth, till on the left side op'ning wide,
 Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
 Then shining heav'nly fair, a Goddess arm'd
 Out of thy head I sprung : amazement seiz'd
 All th'Host of Heav'n ; back they recoil'd affraid
 At first, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a Sign
 Portentous held me ; but familiar grown,
 I pleas'd, and with attractive Graces won
 The most adverse, thee chiefly, who full oft
 Thy self in me thy perfect image viewing
 Becam'st inamour'd, and such joy thou took'st
 With me in secret, that my womb conceiv'd
 A growing Burthen. Mean while war arose,
 And fields were fought in Heav'n ; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else) to our Almighty Foe
 Clear Victory, to our part loss and rout
 Through all the Empyrean : down they fell
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
 Into this Deep, and in the general fall
 I also ; at which time this powerful Key
 Into my hand was giv'n, with charge to keep
 These Gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my op'ning. Pensive here I sat
 Alone, but long I sat not, till my womb
 Pregnant by thee, and now excessive grown
 Prodigious motion felt and rueful throes.
 At last this odious offspring whom thou seest
 Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
 Tore through my intrails, that with fear and pain
 Distort'd, all my nether shape thus grew
 Transform'd : but he my inbred enemy
 Forth issu'd, brandishing his fatal Dart
 Made to destroy : I fled, and cry'd out *Death*;

760

770

780

Hell trembl'd at the hideous Name, and sigh'd
 From all her Caves, and back resounded *Death*.
 I fled, but he pursu'd (though more, it seems,
 Inflam'd with lust than rage) and swifter far,
 Me overtook his Mother all dismay'd,
 And in embraces forcible and foul
 Ingendring with me, of that rape begot
 These yelling Monsters that with ceaseless cry
 Surround me, as thou sawst, hourly conceiv'd
 And hourly born, with sorrow infinite
 To me, for when they list into the Womb
 That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
 My Bowels, their repast ; then bursting forth
 A fresh with conscious terrors vex me round,
 That rest or intermission none I find.

790

Before mine eyes in opposition sits
 Grim *Death* my Son and foe, who sets them on,
 And me his Parent would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd ; and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter Morsel, and his bane,
 Whenever that shall be ; so Fate pronounc'd.
 But thou O Father, I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright Arms
 Though temper'd heav'nly, for that mortal dint,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist.

800

She finish'd, and the subtle Fiend his lore
 Soon learn'd now milder, and thus answer'd smooth.
 Dear Daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy Sire,
 And my fair Son here showst me, the dear pledge
 Of dalliance had with thee in Heav'n, and joys
 Then sweet, now sad to mention, through dire charge
 Befall'n us unforeseen, unthought of, know
 I come no enemy, but to set free
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,

810

820

Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly Host
 Of Spirits that in our just pretenses arm'd
 Fell with us from on high : from them I go
 This uncouth Errand sole, and one for all
 My self expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th'unfounded deep, and through the void immense
 To search with wandring quest a place foretold 830
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, e'er now
 Created vast and round, a place of bliss
 In the pourlieues of Heav'n, and therein plac'd
 A race of upstart Creatures, to supply
 Perhaps our vacant room, though more remov'd,
 Lest Heav'n surcharg'd with potent multitude
 Might hap to move new broils : Be this or aught
 Than this more secret now design'd, I haste
 To know, and this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death 840
 Shall dwell at ease, and up and down unseen
 Wing silently the buxom Air, imbalm'd
 With odours ; there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably, all things shall be your prey.
 He ceas'd, for both seem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd, and blest his maw
 Destin'd to that good hour : no less rejoic'd
 His Mother bad, and thus bespake her Sire :
 The Key of this infernal Pit by due, 850
 And by command of Heav'n's all-powerful King
 I keep, by him forbidden to unlock
 These Adamantine Gates ; against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
 But what owe I to his commands above
 Who hates me, and hath hither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of *Tartarus* profound,
 To sit in hateful Office here confin'a,

Inhabitant of Heav'n, and heav'nly-born,
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamors compass'd round
 Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed :
 Thou art my Father, thou my Author, thou
 My Being gav'st me ; whom should I obey
 But thee, whom follow ? thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The Gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as beseems
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.

860

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;
 And towards the Gate rolling her bestial train,
 Forthwith the huge Porcullis high up drew,
 Which but her self, not all the *Stygian* powers
 Could once have mov'd ; then in the key-hole turns
 Th'intricate Wards, and every Bolt and Bar
 Of massie Iron or sollid Rock with ease
 Unfastens : On a sudden open fly
 With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
 Th'infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
 Harsh Thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of *Erebus*. She open'd, but to shut
 Excell'd her power ; the Gates wide open stood,
 That with extended wings a banner'd Host
 Under spread Ensigns marching might pass through
 With Horse and Chariots rank'd in loose array ;
 So wide they stood, and like a Furnace mouth
 Cast forth redounding smoak and ruddy flame.
 Before their Eyes in sudden view appear

880

The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark
 Illimitable Ocean without bound,
 Without dimension, where length, breadth, and heighth,
 And time and place are lost ; where eldest Night
 And *Chaos*, ancestors of Nature, hold

890

Eternal *Anarchy*, amidst the noise
Of endless Wars, and by confusion stand.
For hot, cold, moist, and dry, four Champions fierce
Strive here for Mast'ry, and to Battel bring
Their embryon Atoms ; they around the Flag 900
Of each his Faction, in their several Clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift or slow,
Swarm populous, un-numbred as the Sands
Of *Barca* or *Cyrene*'s torrid soil,
Levi'd to side with warring Winds, and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment ; *Chaos* Umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray
By which he reigns : next him high Arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild Abyss, 910
The Womb of Nature, and perhaps her Grave,
Of neither Sea, nor Shoar, nor Air, nor Fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixt
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless th'Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more Worlds,
Into this wild Abyss the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell and look'd a while,
Pond'ring his Voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less peal'd 920
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small) than when *Bellona* storms,
With all her battering Engines bent to rase
Some Capital City ; or less than if this frame
Of Heav'n were falling, and these Elements
In mutiny had from her Axle torn
The stedfast Earth. At last his Sail-broad Vannes
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground, thence many a League
As in a cloudy Chair, ascending rides 930
Audacious, but that seat soon failing, meets

A vast vacuity : all unawares
 Flutt'ring his pennons vain plumb down he drops
 Ten thousand fathom deep, and to this hour
 Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
 The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud
 Instinct with Fire and Nitre hurried him
 As many miles aloft : that fury stay'd,
 Quencht in a Boggy *Syrtis*, neither Sea,
 Nor good dry Land : nigh founder'd on he fares, 940
 Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
 Half flying ; behooves him now both Oar and Sail.
 As when a Gryfon through the Wilderness
 With winged course o'er Hill or moary Dale,
 Pursues the *Arimaspian*, who by stealth
 Had from his wakeful custody purloin'd
 The guarded Gold : So eagerly the Fiend
 O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
 With head, hands, wings or feet pursues his way,
 And swims or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies : 950
 At length a universal hubbub wild
 Of stunning sounds and voices all confus'd
 Born through the hollow dark assaults his ear
 With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,
 Undaunted to meet there whatever power
 Or Spirit of the nethermost Abyss
 Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask
 Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light ; when strait behold the Throne
 Of *Chaos*, and his dark Pavilion spread 960
 Wide on the wasteful Deep ; with him enthron'd
 Sate Sable-vested *Night*, eldest of things,
 The Consort of his Reign ; and by them stood
Orchus and *Ades*, and the dreaded name
 Of *Demogorgon* ; *Rumor* next and *Chance*,
 And *Tumult* and *Confusion* all imbroil'd,
 And *Discord* with a thousand various mouths.

T'whom *Satan* turning boldly, thus. Ye Powers
 And Spirits of this nethermost Abyss,
Chaos and *ancient Night*, I come no Spy,
 With purpose to explore or to disturb
 The secrets of your Realm, but by constraint
 Wandring this darksom Desart, as my way,
 Lies through your spacious Empire up to light,
 Alone, and without guide, half lost, I seek
 What readiest path leads where your gloomie bounds
 Confine with Heav'n ; or if some other place
 From your Dominion won, th'Ethereal King
 Possesses lately, thither to arrive
 I travel this profound, direct my course ;
 Directed no mean recompence it brings
 To your behoof, if I that Region lost,
 All usurpation thence expell'd, reduce
 To her original darkness and your sway
 (Which is my present journey) and once more
 Erect the Standard there of *ancient Night* ;
 Yours be th'advantage all, mine the revenge.

970

980

Thus *Satan* ; and him thus the Anarch old
 With fault'ring speech and visage incompos'd
 Answer'd. I know thee, stranger, who thou art,
 That mighty leading Angel, who of late
 Made head against Heav'n's King, though overthrown.
 I saw and heard, for such a numerous Host
 Fled not in silence through the frighted deep
 With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
 Confusion worse confounded ; and Heav'n Ga'es
 Pour'd out by millions her victorious Bands
 Pursuing. I upon my Frontiers here
 Keep residence ; if all I can will serve,
 That little which is left so to defend,
 Encroacht on still through our intestine broiles,
 Weakning the Sceptre of old *Night* : first Heli
 Your dungeon stretching far and wide beneath,

990

1000

Now lately Heav'n and Earth, another World
 Hung o'er my Realm, link'd in a golden Chain
 To that side Heav'n from whence your Legions fell :
 If that way be your walk, you have not far ;
 So much the nearer danger ; go and speed ;
 Havock and spoil and ruin are my gain.

He ceas'd ; and *Satan* staid not to reply,
 But glad that now his Sea should find a shore,
 With fresh alacrity and force renew'd
 Springs upward like a Pyramid of fire
 Into the wild expanse, and through the shock
 Of fighting Elements, on all sides round
 Environ'd wins his way ; harder beset
 And more endanger'd, than when *Argo* pass'd
 Through *Bosporus* betwixt the justling Rocks :
 Or when *Ulysses* on the Larboard shunn'd
Charybdis, and by th'other whirlpool steer'd.

1010

So he with difficulty and labour hard
 Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he ;
 But he once past, soon after when man fell,
 Strange alteration ! Sin and Death amain
 Following his track, such was the will of Heav'n,
 Pav'd after him a broad and beat'n way
 Over the dark Abyss, whose boiling Gulf
 Tamely endur'd a Bridge of wond'rous length
 From Hell continu'd reaching th' utmost Orbe
 Of this frail World ; by which the Spirits perverse
 With easie intercourse pass to and fro
 To tempt or p'nish mortals, except whom
 God and good Angels guard by special grace.
 But now at last the sacred influence
 Of light appears, and from the walls of Heav'n
 Shoots far into the bosom of dim Night
 A glimmering dawn ; here Nature first begins
 Her farthest verge, and *Chaos* to retire
 As from her outmost works a brok'n foe

1020

1030

With tumult less and with less hostile din,
That *Satan* with less toil, and now with ease
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light
And like a weather-beaten Vessel holds
Gladly the Port, though Shrouds and Tackle torn ;
Or in the emptier waste, resembling Air,
Weighs his spread wings, at leisure to behold
Far off th'Empyreal Heav'n, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd square or round,
With Opal Towns and Battlements adorn'd
Of living Saphire, once his native Seat ;
And fast by hanging in a golden Chain
This pendant world, in bigness as a Star
Of smallest Magnitude close by the Moon.
Thither full fraught with mischievous revenge,
Accurst, and in a cursed hour he hies.

1040

1050

The End of the Second Book.

QUESTIONS ON BOOK II

A

1. How far is the story advanced in Book II ?
2. Indicate briefly the opposing arguments at "the great consult."
3. What are Satan's plans in this book ? How far does he succeed in effecting them ?

B

1. Explain the meaning of lines 11-32, taking care to omit nothing.
2. What are Moloch's arguments "for open war" ?
3. Show how the first part of Belial's speech answers Moloch point by point.
4. What are Belial's arguments for what may be called a mean-spirited foreign policy ?
5. What is Mammon's advice and by what arguments does he support it ?
6. Beelzebub is the real statesman. Show how this is so.
7. What similes are contained in this book ? What exactly is it that they help us to imagine ?
8. Illustrate Satan's (*a*) wisdom, (*b*) courage, from this book.
9. What are the four ways in which the rebel angels occupy themselves during Satan's absence ?
10. Comment on line 185.
11. Do you think that Milton's blindness can have been an actual help to his imagination in any passages ?
12. Describe the Gate of Hell.
13. Describe Chaos and its Anarch.
14. Draw a plan of the Universe as suggested by the latter part of Book II.
15. Pick out six lines in different parts of the book which you cannot understand, and explain exactly what your difficulty is.
16. Pick out two passages which strike you as especially beautiful and try to explain exactly why you think them so.
17. Make in tabular form a plan or summary of Book II.
18. What can you learn from this book of (*a*) Scylla and Charybdis, (*b*) the rivers of Hades, (*c*) Alcides (= Hercules) ?
19. Illustrate from Book II Milton's wonderful power of making poetical use of proper names.
20. Read over to yourself lines 629-643 and then read them aloud, carefully but without exaggeration, as you think they ought to be read.
21. Set yourself three other questions on Book II and answer them.
- *22. What is the allegorical significance of the origin of Sin and Death ?
- *23. What unusual grammatical constructions are to be found in Book II ?

C

1. How does Wordsworth's *Sonnet on the Extinction of the Venetian Republic* illustrate his debt to Milton? *

2. Illustrate from other sonnets of Wordsworth his ideas about Milton. *

3. Read and then compare Johnson's *Life of Milton* and Macaulay's *Essay on Milton*. ?

4. "Extremes by change more fierce."

Contrast the idea of Matthew Arnold's *Saint Brandan*. *

5. Contrast Milton's way of suggesting dreary or terrifying scenery (e.g., lines 618-620) with Browning's in *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower came*. *

6. "How charming is Divine Philosophy" (*Comus*). Do you think that lines 555-569 indicate a change in Milton's attitude since he wrote *Comus*?

*7. Explain Wordsworth's use of lines 636-643 as an illustration of Imagination (*Preface to Poems*, 1815). *

*8. Read Andrew Marvell's poem on *Paradise Lost* and apply its forebodings and its appreciation to Book II. *

*9. Compare Milton's account of the rivers of Hades with that of Vergil, *Aeneid VI*, and that of Dante, *Inferno*. *

BOOK III

THE ARGUMENT

God sitting on his Throne sees Satan flying towards this World, then newly created ; shews him to the Son who sat at his right hand ; foretells the success of Satan in perverting Mankind ; clears his own Justice and Wisdom from all imputation, having created Man free, and able enough to have withstood his Tempter ; yet declares his purpose of Grace towards him, in regard he fell not of his own malice, as did Satan, but by him seduc'd. The Son of God renders praises to his Father for the manifestation of his gracious purpose towards Man ; but God again declares, that Grace cannot be extended towards Man without the satisfaction of divine Justice ; Man hath offended the majesty of God by aspiring to God-head, and therefore with all his Progeny devoted to death must die, unless some one can be found sufficient to answer for his offence, and undergo his Punishment. The Son of God freely offers himself a Ransome for Man : the Father accepts him, ordains his Incarnation, pronounces his exaltation above all Names in Heaven and Earth ; commands all the Angels to adore him : they obey, and hymning to their Harps in full Quire, celebrate the Father and the Son. Mean while Satan alights upon the bare Convex of this World's outermost Orb ; where wandering he first finds a place, since call'd The Lymbo of Vanity ; what persons and things fly up thither ; thence comes to the Gate of Heaven, describ'd ascending by stairs, and the waters above the Firmament that flow about it : His passage thence to the Orb of the Sun ; he finds there Uriel the Regent of that Orb, but first changes himself into the shape of a meaner Angel ; and pretending a zealous desire to behold the new Creation, and Man whom God hath plac'd here, enquires of him the place of his habitation, and is directed ; alights first on Mount Niphates.

HAIL holy Light, offspring of Heav'n first-born,
Or of th'Eternal Coeternal beam
May I express thee unblam'd ? since God is light,
And never but in unapproached light
Dwelt from Eternity, dwelt then in thee,
Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
Or hear'st thou rather pure Ethereal stream,
Whose Fountain who shall tell ? before the Sun,
Before the Heav'ns thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a Mantle didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I re-visit now with bolder wing,
Escap'd the *Stygian* Pool, though long detain'd
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne
With other notes than to th'*Orphean* Lyre
I sung of *Chaos* and *Eternal Night*,
Taught by the heav'nly Muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare : thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sov'reign vital Lamp ; but thou
Revisit'st not these eyes, that rowle in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn ;
So thick a drop serene hath quencht their Orbs,
Or dim suffusion veil'd. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt
Clear Spring, or shady Grove, or Sunny Hill,
Smit with the love of sacred Song ; but chief
Thee *Sion* and thy flowrie Brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallow'd feet, and warbling flow ;
Nightly I visit ; nor sometimes forget

10

20

30

Those other two equal'd with me in Fate,
 So were I equal'd with them in renown,
 Blind *Thamyris* and blind *Mæonides*,
 And *Tiresias* and *Phineus* Prophets old.

Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
 Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful Bird
 Sings darkling, and in shadiest Covert hid
 Tunes her nocturnal Note. Thus with the Year

40

Seasons return, but not to me returns

Day, or the sweet approach of Ev'n or Morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or Summers Rose,
 Or flocks, or heards, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and ever-during dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the Book of knowledge fair
 Presented with an universal Blanck

Of Natures works to me expung'd and ras'd,
 And Wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

50

So much the rather thou Celestial light
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate, there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

Now had the Almighty Father from above,
 From the pure Empyrean where he sits
 High Thron'd above all heighth, bent down his eye,
 His own works and their works at once to view :

About him all the Sanctities of Heav'n
 Stood thick as Stars, and from his sight receiv'd
 Beatitude past utterance : on his right
 The radiant image of his Glory sat,
 His only Son ; On Earth he first beheld
 Our two first Parents, yet the only two
 Of mankind, in the happy Garden plac'd,
 Reaping immortal fruits of joy and love,
 Uninterrupted joy, unrival'd love

60

In blissful solitude ; he then survey'd
 Hell and the Gulf between, and *Satan* there
 Coasting the wall of Heav'n on this side Night
 In the dun Air sublime, and ready now
 To stoop with wearied wings, and willing feet
 On the bare outside of this World, that seem'd
 Firm Land imbosom'd without Firmament,
 Uncertain which, in Ocean or in Air,
 Him God beholding from his prospect high,
 Wherein past, present, future he beholds,
 Thus to his only Son foreseeing spake.

70

Only begotten Son, seest thou what rage
 Transports our Adversary, whom no bounds
 Prescrib'd, no bars of Hell, nor all the chains
 Heap'd on him there, nor yet the main Abyss
 Wide interrupt can hold ; so bent he seems
 On desperate revenge, that shall redound
 Upon his own rebellious head. And now
 Through all restraint broke loose he wings his way
 Not far off Heav'n, in the Precincts of light,
 Directly towards the new created World,
 And Man there plac'd, with purpose to assay
 If him by force he can destroy, or worse,
 By some false guile pervert ; and shall pervert,
 For Man will heark'n to his glozing lyes,
 And easily transgress the sole Command,
 Sole pledge of his obedience : So will fall,
 He and his faithless Progeny : Whose fault ?
 Whose but his own ? Ingrate, he had of me
 All he could have ; I made him just and right,
 Sufficient to have stood, though free to fall.
 Such I created all th'Ethereal Powers

90

And Spirits, both them who stood and them who fail'd ;
 Freely they stood who stood, and fell who fell.
 Not free, what proof could they have giv'n sincere
 Of true allegiance, constant Faith or Love,

100

Where only what they needs must do, appear'd,
 Not what they would ? what praise could they receive ?
 What pleasure I from such obedience paid,
 When Will and Reason (Reason also is choice)
 Useless and vain, of freedom both despoil'd,
 Made passive both, had serv'd necessity, 110
 Not me. They therefore as to right belong'd,
 So were created, nor can justly accuse
 Their maker, or their making, or their Fate,
 As if Predestination over-rul'd
 Their will, dispos'd by absolute Decree
 Or high foreknowledge ; they themselves decreed
 Their own revolt, not I ; if I foreknew,
 Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
 Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
 So without least impulse or shadow of Fate, 120
 Or aught by me immutably foreseen,
 They trespass, Authors to themselves in all
 Both what they judge and what they choose ; for so
 I form'd them free, and free they must remain,
 Till they enthrall themselves ; I else must change
 Their nature, and revoke the high Decree
 Unchangeable, Eternal, which ordain'd
 Their freedom, they themselves ordain'd their fall.
 The first sort by their own suggestion fell,
 Self-tempted, self-deprav'd : Man falls deceiv'd 130
 By the other first : Man therefore shall find grace,
 The other none : in Mercy and Justice both,
 Through Heav'n and Earth, so shall my glory excell,
 But Mercy first and last shall brightest shine.

Thus while God spake, ambrosial fragrance fill'd
 All Heav'n, and in the blessed Spirits elect
 Sense of new joy ineffable diffus'd :
 Beyond compare the Son of God was seen
 Most glorious, in him all his Father shon
 Substantially express'd, and in his face 140

Divine compassion visibly appear'd,
Love without end, and without measure Grace,
Which uttering thus he to his Father spake.

O Father, gracious was that word which clos'd
Thy sov'reign sentence, that Man should find grace ;
For which both Heav'n and Earth shall high extoll
Thy praises, with th' innumerable sound
Of Hymns and sacred Songs, wherewith thy Throne
Encompass'd shall resound thee ever blest.
For should Man finally be lost, should Man
Thy creature late so lov'd, thy youngest Son
Fall circumvented thus by fraud, though joyn'd
With his own folly ? that be from thee far,
That far be from thee, Father, who art Judge
Of all things made, and judgest only right.
Or shall the Adversary thus obtain
His end, and frustrate thine, shall he fulfill
His malice, and thy goodness bring to naught,
Or proud return though to his heavier doom,
Yet with revenge accomplisht, and to Hell
Draw after him the whole Race of mankind,
By him corrupted ? or wilt thou thy self
Abolish thy Creation, and unmake,
For him, what for thy glory thou hast made ?
So should thy goodness and thy greatness both
Be question'd and blasphem'd without defence.

150

160

To whom the great Creatour thus reply'd.
O Son, in whom my soul hath chief delight,
Son of my bosom, Son who art alone
My word, my wisdom, and effectual might,
All hast thou spoken as my thoughts are, all
As my Eternal purpose hath decreed :
Man shall not quite be lost, but sav'd who will,
Yet not of will in him, but grace in me
Freely vouchsaft ; once more I will renew
His lapsed powers, though forfeit and enthrall'd

170

By sin to foul exorbitant desires ;
 Upheld by me, yet once more he shall stand
 On even ground against his mortal foe,
 By me upheld, that he may know how frail
 His fall'n condition is, and to me owe
 All his deliv'rance, and to none but me.
 Some I have chosen of peculiar grace
 Elect above the rest : so is my will :
 The rest shall hear me call, and oft be warn'd
 Their sinful state, and to appease betimes
 Th'incensed Deity, while offer'd grace
 Invites : for I will clear their senses dark,
 What may suffice, and soft'n stony hearts
 To pray, repent, and bring obedience due.
 To Prayer, repentance, and obedience due,
 Though but endeavour'd with sincere intent,
 Mine ear shall not be slow, mine eye not shut.
 And I will place within them as a guide
 My Umpire *Conscience*, whom if they will hear,
 Light after light well us'd they shall attain,
 And to the end persisting, safe arrive.
 This my long sufferance and my day of grace
 They who neglect and scorn, shall never taste ;
 But hard be harden'd, blind be blinded more,
 That they may stumble on, and deeper fall ;
 And none but such from mercy I exclude.
 But yet all is not done ; Man disobeying,
 Disloyal breaks his fealty, and sins
 Against the high Supremacy of Heav'n,
 Affecting God-head, and so losing all,
 To expiate his Treason hath naught left,
 But to destruction sacred and devote,
 He with his whole posterity must die,
 Die he or Justice must ; unless for him
 Some other able, and as willing, pay
 The rigid satisfaction, death for death.

180

190

200

210

Say Heav'nly powers, where shall we find such love,
 Which of ye will be mortal to redeem
 Man's mortal crime, and just th'unjust to save,
 Dwells in all Heaven charity so dear ?

He ask'd, but all the Heav'nly Quire stood mute,
 And silence was in Heav'n : on mans behalf
 Patron or Intercessor none appear'd,
 Much less that durst upon his own head draw
 The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set. 220
 And now without redemption all mankind,
 Must have been lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,
 In whom the fulness dwells of love divine,
 His dearest mediation thus renew'd.

Father, thy word is past, man shall find grace ;
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,
 The speediest of thy winged messengers,
 To visit all thy creatures, and to all 230
 Comes unprepared, unimplor'd, unsought,
 Happy for man, so coming ; he her aid
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;
 Attonement for himself or offering meet,
 Indebted and undon, hath none to bring :
 Behold me then, me for him, life for life
 I offer, on me let thine anger fall ;
 Account me man ; I for his sake will leave
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to thee
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die 240
 Well pleas'd, on me let Death wreck all his rage ;
 Under his gloomy power I shall not long
 Lie vanquisht : thou hast giv'n me to possess
 Life in my self for ever, by thee I live,
 Though now to Death I yield, and am his due
 All that of me can die ; yet that debt paid,
 Thou wilt not leave me in the loathsom grave
 His prey, nor suffer my unspotted Soul

For ever with corruption there to dwell ;
 But I shall rise Victorious, and subdue
 My vanquisher, spoil'd of his vaunted spoile ;
 Death his death's wound shall then receive, and stoop
 Inglorious, of his mortal sting disarm'd.
 I through the ample Air in Triumph high
 Shall lead Hell captive maugre Hell, and show
 The powers of darkness bound. Thou at the sight
 Pleas'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,
 While by thee rais'd I ruin all my Foes,
 Death last, and with his Carcass glut the Grave :
 Then with the multitude of my redeem'd
 Shall enter Heaven long absent, and return,
 Father, to see thy face, wherein no cloud
 Of anger shall remain, but peace assur'd
 And reconciliation ; wrauth shall be no more
 Thenceforth, but in thy presence Joy entire.

His words here ended, but his meek aspect
 Silent yet spake, and breath'd immortal love
 To mortal men, above which only shon
 Filial obedience : as a sacrifice
 Glad to be offer'd, he attends the will
 Of his great Father. Admiration seis'd
 All Heav'n, what this might mean, or whither tend
 Wond'ring ; but soon th'Almighty thus reply'd :

O thou in Heav'n and Earth the only Peace
 Found out for mankind under wrauth, O thou
 My sole complacence ! well thou know'st how dear
 To me are all my works, nor Man the least
 Though last created, that for him I spare
 Thee from my bosom and right hand, to save,
 By losing thee a while, the whole Race lost.
 Thou therefore whom thou only canst redeem,
 Their Nature also to thy Nature joyn ;
 And be thy self Man among men on Earth,
 Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,

250

260

270

280

By wondrous birth : Be thou in *Adam's* room
 The Head of all mankind, though *Adam's* Son.
 As in him perish all men, so in thee
 As from a second root shall be restor'd,
 As many as are restor'd, without thee none.
 His crime makes guilty all his Sons, thy merit 290
 Imputed shall absolve them who renounce
 Their own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,
 And live in thee transplanted, and from thee
 Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,
 Shall satisfie for Man, be judg'd and die,
 And dying rise, and rising with him raise
 His Brethren, ransom'd with his own dear life.
 So Heav'ly love shall outdoo Hellish hate
 Giving to death, and dying to redeem,
 So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate 300
 So easily destroy'd, and still destroys
 In those who, when they may, accept not grace.
 Nor shalt thou by descending to assume
 Man's Nature, less'n or degrade thine own.
 Because thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss
 Equal to God, and equally enjoying
 God-like fruition, quitted all to save
 A World from utter loss, and hast been found
 By Merit more than Birthright Son of God,
 Found worthiest to be so by being Good, 310
 Far more than Great or High ; because in the
 Love hath abounded more than Glory abounds,
 Therefore thy Humiliation shall exalt
 With thee thy Manhood also to this Throne ;
 Here shalt thou sit incarnate, here shalt reign
 Both God and Man, Son both of God and Man,
 Anointed universal King, all Power
 I give thee, reign for ever, and assume
 Thy Merits ; under thee as Head Supreme
 Thrones, Prinedoms, Powers, Dominions I reduce : 320

All knees to thee shall bow, of them that bide
 In Heaven, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell ;
 When thou attended gloriously from Heav'n
 Shalt in the Sky appear, and from thee send
 The summoning Arch-Angels to proclaim
 Thy dread Tribunal : forthwith from all Winds
 The living, and forthwith the cited dead
 Of all past Ages to the general Doom
 Shall hast'n, such a peal shall rouse their sleep.
 Then all thy Saints assembl'd, thou shalt judge
 Bad men and Angels, they arraign'd shall sink
 Beneath thy Sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,
 Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dwell,
 And after all their tribulations long
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.
 Then thou thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,
 Adore him, who to compass all this dies,
 Adore the Son, and honour him as me.

330

340

No sooner had th'Almighty ceas'd, but all
 The multitude of Angels with a shout
 Loud as from numbers without number, sweet
 As from blest voices, uttering joy, Heav'n rung
 With Jubilee, and loud Hosanna's fill'd
 Th'eternal Regions : lowly reverent
 Towards either Throne they bow, and to the ground
 With solemn adoration down they cast
 Their Crowns inwove with Amarant and Gold,
 Immortal Amarant, a Flour which once
 In Paradise, fast by the Tree of Life
 Began to bloom, but soon for man's offence
 To Heav'n remov'd, where first it grew, there grows,

350

And flours aloft shading the Fount of Life,
And where the River of Bliss through midst of Heav'n
Rowls o'er *Elysian* Flours her Amber stream ;

With these that never fade the Spirits elect 360

Bind their resplendent locks inwreath'd with beams,
Now in loose Garlands thick thrown off, the bright
Pavement that like a Sea of Jasper shon
Impurpl'd with Celestial Roses smil'd.

Then Crown'd again their gold'n Harps they took,
Harps ever tun'd, that glittering by their side
Like Quivers hung, and with Præamble sweet
Of charming symphony they introduce
Their sacred Song, and waken raptures high ;
No voice exempt, no voice but well could joyn 370
Melodious part, such concord is in Heav'n.

Thee Father first they sung Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King ; thee Author of all being,
Fountain of Light, thy self invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sit'st
Thron'd inaccessible, but when thou shad'st
The full blaze of thy beams, and through a cloud
Drawn round about thee like a radiant Shrine,
Dark with excessive bright thy skirts appear, 380
Yet dazzle Heav'n, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes.
Thee next they sang of all Creation first,
Begotten Son, Divine Similitude,
In whose conspicuous count'nce, without cloud
Made visible, th'Almighty Father shines,
Whom else no Creature can behold ; on thee
Impress'd the effulgence of his Glory abides,
Transfus'd on thee his ample Spirit rests.
He Heav'n of Heavens and all the Powers therein 390
By thee created, and by thee threw down
Th'aspiring Dominations : thou that day

Thy Father's dreadful Thunder didst not spare,
 Nor stop thy flaming Chariot wheels, that shook
 Heav'ns everlasting Frame, while o'er the necks
 Thou drov'st of warring Angels disarray'd.
 Back from pursuit thy Powers with loud acclaine
 Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
 To execute fierce vengeance on his foes,
 Not so on Man ; him through their malice fall'n,
 Father of Mercy and Grace, thou didst not doome
 So strictly, but much more to pity encline :
 No sooner did thy dear and only Son
 Perceive thee purpos'd not to doom frail Man
 So strictly, but much more to pity enclin'd,
 He to appease thy wrauth, and end the Strife
 Of Mercy and Justice in thy face discern'd,
 Regardless of the Bliss wherein he sat
 Second to thee, offer'd himself to die
 For man's offence. O unexampl'd love,
 Love no where to be found less than Divine !
 Hail Son of God, Saviour of Man, thy Name
 Shall be the copious matter of my Song
 Henceforth, and never shall my Harp thy praise
 Forget, nor from thy Father's praise disjoyn.

400

410

Thus they in Heav'n, above the starry Sphear,
 Their happy hours in joy and hymning spent.
 Mean while upon the firm opacous Globe
 Of this round World, whose first convex divides
 The luminous inferior Orbs, enclos'd
 From *Chaos* and th'inroad of Darkness old,
Satan alighted walks : a Globe far off
 It seem'd, now seems a boundless Continent
 Dark, waste, and wild, under the frown of Night
 Starless expos'd, and ever-threatning storms
 Of *Chaos* blustering round, inclement Skie,
 Save on that side which from the wall of Heav'n
 Though distant far some small reflection gains

420

Of glimmering air less vext with tempest loud :
 Here walk'd the Fiend at large in spacious field.
 As when a Vultur on *Imaus* bred,
 Whose snowy ridge the roving *Tartar* bounds,
 Dislodging from a Region scarce of prey
 To gorge the flesh of Lambs or yeanling Kids
 On Hills where Flocks are fed, flies toward the Springs
 Of *Ganges* or *Hydaspes*, *Indian* streams ;
 But in his way lights on the barren Plains
 Of *Sericana*, where *Chineses* drive
 With Sails and Wind their cany Waggons light :
 So on this windy Sea of Land, the Fiend
 Walk'd up and down alone bent on his prey,
 Alone, for other Creature in this place
 Living or liveless to be found was none,
 None yet, but store hereafter from the earth
 Up hither like Aereal vapours flew
 Of all things transitory and vain, when Sin
 With vanity had fill'd the works of men :
 Both all things vain, and all who in vain things
 Built their fond hopes of Glory or lasting fame,
 Or happiness in this or th'other life ;
 All who have their reward on Earth, the fruits
 Of painful Superstition and blind Zeal,
 Naught seeking but the praise of men, here find
 Fit retribution, empty as their deeds ;
 All th'unaccomplisht works of Nature's hand
 Abortive, monstrous, or unkindly mixt,
 Dissolv'd on Earth, fleet hither, and in vain,
 Till final dissolution, wander here,
 Not in the neighb'ring Moon, as some have dream'd ;
 Those argent Fields more likely habitants,
 Transl'ted Saints, or middle Spirits hold
 Betwixt th'Angelical and Human kind :
 Hither of ill-joyn'd Sons and Daughters born
 First from the ancient World those Giants came

430

440

450

460

With many a vain exploit, though then renown'd ;

The builders next of *Babel* on the Plain

Of *Sennaar*, and still with vain design

New *Babels*, had they wherewithall, would build :

Others came single ; he who to be deem'd

A God, leap'd fondly into *Etna* flames,

470

Empedocles, and he who to enjoy

Plato's Elysium, leap'd into the Sea,

Cleombrotus, and many more too long,

Embryo's and Idiots, Eremitis and Friars

White, Black, and Grey, with all their trumpery.

Here Pilgrims roam, that stray'd so far to seek

In *Golgotha* him dead, who lives in Heav'n ;

And they who to be sure of Paradise

Dying put on the weeds of *Dominic*,

Or in *Franciscan* think to pass disguis'd ;

480

They pass the Planets seven, and pass the fixt,

And that Crystalline Sphere whose ballance weighs

The Trepidation talkt, and that first mov'd ;

And now Saint *Peter* at Heav'n's Wicket seems

To wait them with his Keys, and now at foot

Of Heav'n's ascent they lift their Feet, when loe

A violent cross wind from either Coast

Blows them transverse ten thousand Leagues awry

Into the devious Air ; then might ye see

Cowles, Hoods and Habits with their wearers tost

490

And flutter'd into Rags, then Reliques, Beads,

Indulgences, Dispenses, Pardons, Bulls,

The sport of Winds : all these upwhirl'd aloft

Fly o'er the backside of the World far off

Into a *Limbo* large and broad, since call'd

The Paradise of Fools, to few unknown

Long after, now unpeopl'd, and untrod ;

All this dark Globe the Fiend found as he pass'd,

And long he wander'd, till at last a gleame

Of dawning light turn'd thither-ward in haste

500

His travell'd steps ; far distant he descries
 Ascending by degrees magnificent
 Up to the wall of Heav'n a Structure high,
 At top whereof, but far more rich appear'd
 The work as of a Kingly Palace Gate
 With Frontispiece of Diamond and Gold
 Imbellisht, thick with sparkling orient Gems
 The Portal shon, inimitable on Earth
 By Model, or by shading Pencil¹ drawn.
 The Stairs were such as whereon *Jacob* saw
 Angels ascending and descending, bands
 Of Guardians bright, when he from *Esau* fled
 To *Padan-Aram* in the field of *Luz*,
 Dreaming by night under the open Skie,
 And waking cry'd, *This is the Gate of Heav'n :*
 Each Stair mysteriously was meant, nor stood
 There always, but drawn up to Heav'n sometimes
 Viewless, and underneath a bright Sea flow'd
 Of Jasper, or of liquid Pearl, whereon
 Who after came from Earth, sayling arriv'd,
 Wafted by Angels, or flew o'er the Lake
 Rapt in a Chariot drawn by fiery Steeds.
 The Stairs were then let down, whether to dare
 The Fiend by easie ascent, or aggravate
 His sad exclusion from the dores of Bliss.
 Direct against which open'd from beneath,
 Just o'er the blissful seat of Paradise,
 A passage down to th'Earth, a passage wide,
 Wider by far than that of after-times
 Over Mount *Sion*, and, though that were large,
 Over the *Promis'd Land* to God so dear,
 By which, to visit oft those happy Tribes,
 On high behests his Angels to and fro
 Pass'd frequent, and his eye with choice regard,
 From *Paneas* the fount of *Jordan's* flood

510

520

530

¹ Paintbrush.

To *Beersaba*, where the *Holy Land*
Borders on *Egypt* and th' *Arabian* shore ;
So wide the op'ning seem'd, where bounds were set
To darkness, such as bound the Ocean wave.

Satan from hence now on the lower stair
That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate
Looks down with wonder at the sudden view
Of all this World at once. As when a Scout
Through dark and desart ways with peril gone
All night ; at last by break of chearful dawne
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing Hill,
Which to his eye discovers unaware
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd Metropolis
With glistering Spires and Pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising Sun gilds with his beams.
Such wo'nder seis'd, though after Heaven seen,
The Spirit maligne, but much more envy seis'd
At sight of all this World beheld so fair,
Round he surveys, and well might, where he stood
So high above the circling Canopie
Of Nights extended shade ; from Eastern Point
Of *Libra* to the fleecie Star that bears
Andromeda far off *Atlantic* Seas
Beyond th'*Horizon* : then from Pole to Pole
He views in breadth, and without longer pause
Down right into the Worlds first Region throws
His flight precipitant, and windes with ease
Through the pure marble Air his oblique way
Amongst innumerable Stars, that shon
Stars distant, but nigh hand seem'd other Worlds,
Or other Worlds they seem'd, or happy Isles,
Like those *Hesperian* Gardens fam'd of old,
Fortunate Fields, and Groves and flowry Vales,
Thrice happy Isies, but who dwelt happy there
He stay'd not to enquire : above them all

The golden Sun in splendor likest Heav'n
 Allur'd his eye : Thither his course he bends
 Through the calm Firmament ; but up or down
 By center, or eccentric, hard to tell,
 Or Longitude, where the great Luminary
 Aloof the vulgar Constellations thick,
 That from his Lordly eye keep distance due,
 Dispenses light from far ; they as they move
 Their starry Dance in numbers that compute
 Days, months and years, towards his all-clearing Lamp
 Turn swift their various motions, or are turn'd
 By his Magnetic beam, that gently warms
 The Universe, and to each inward part
 With gentle penetration, though unseen,
 Shoots invisible virtue even to the deep ;
 So wondrously was set his Station bright.

580

There lands the Fiend, a spot like which perhaps
 Astronomer in the Sun's lucent Orb

Through his glaz'd Optick Tube yet never saw,
 The place he found beyond expression bright,
 Compar'd with aught on Earth, Medal ¹ or Stone ;

59c

Not all parts like, but all alike inform'd
 With radiant Light, as glowing Iron with fire ;
 If metal, part seem'd Gold, part Silver clear ;

If stone, Carbuncle most or Chrysolite,
 Rubie or Topaz, to the Twelve that shon
 In *Aaron's* Brest-plate, and a stone besides
 Imagin'd rather oft than elsewhere seen,

That stone, or like to that which here below
 Philosophers in vain so long have sought,

60c

In vain, though by their powerful Art they binde
 Volatil *Hermes*, and call up unbound
 In various shapes old *Proteus* from the Sea,

Drain'd through a Limbec to his Native form.

What wonder then if fields and regions here

¹ I.e., Metal.

Breathe forth *Elixir* pure, and Rivers run
 Potable Gold, when with one virtuous touch
 Th'Arch-chimic Sun so far from us remote
 Produces with Terrestrial Humor mixt
 Here in the dark so many precious things
 Of colour glorious and effect so rare ?
 Here matter new to gaze the Devil met
 Undazl'd, far and wide his eye commands,
 For sight no obstacle found here, nor shade,
 But all Sun-shine, as when his Beams at Noon
 Culminate from th'*Æquator*, as they now
 Shot upward still direct, whence no way round
 Shadow from body opaque can fall, and the Air,
 No where so clear, sharp'd his visual ray
 To objects distant far, whereby he soon
 Saw within kenn a glorious Angel stand,
 The same whom *John* saw also in the Sun :
 His back was turn'd, but not his brightness hid ;
 Of beaming sunnie Raies, a golden tiar
 Circl'd his Head, nor less his Locks behind
 Illustrious on his Shoulders fledge with wings
 Lay waving round ; on some great charge employ'd
 He seem'd, or fixt in cogitation deep.
 Glad was the Spirit impure as now in hope
 To find who might direct his wandring flight
 To Paradise the happy seat of Man,
 His journies end and our beginning woe.
 But first he casts to change his proper shape,
 Which else might work him danger or delay :
 And now a stripling Cherube he appears,
 Not of the prime, yet such as in his face
 Youth smil'd Celestial, and to every Limb
 Suitable grace diffus'd, so well he feign'd ;
 Under a Coronet his flowing haire
 In curles on either cheek plaid, wings he wore
 Of many a colour'd plume sprinkl'd with Gold,

610

620

630

640

His Habit fit for speed succinct, and held
Before his decent steps a Silver wand.
He drew not nigh unheard, the Angel bright,
Ere he drew nigh, his radiant visage turn'd,
Admonish't by his ear, and strait was known
Th'Arch-Angel *Uriel*, one of the seav'n
Who in God's presence, nearest to his Throne
Stand ready at command, and are his Eyes 650
That run through all the Heav'ns, or down to th'Earth
Bear his swift errands over moist and dry,
O'er Sea and Land : him *Satan* thus accosts ;
Uriel, for thou of those seav'n Spirits that stand
In sight of God's high Throne, gloriously bright,
The first art wont his great authentic will
Interpreter through highest Heav'n to bring
Where all his Sons thy Embassie attend ;
And here art likeliest by supream decree 660
Like honour to obtain, and as his Eye
To visit oft this new Creation round ;
Unspeakable desire to see, and know
All these his wondrous works, but chiefly Man,
His chief delight and favour, him for whom
All these his works so wondrous he ordain'd,
Hath brought me from the Quires of Cherubim
Alone thus wandring. Brightest Seraph tell
In which of all these shining Orbes hath Man
His fixed seat, or fixed seat hath none,
But all these shining Orbes his choice to dwell ; 670
That I may find him, and with secret gaze,
Or open admiration him behold
On whom the great Creator hath bestow'd
Worlds, and on whom hath all these graces powr'd ;
That both in him and all things, as is meet,
The Universal Maker we may praise ;
Who justly hath driv'n out his Rebell Foes
To deepest Hell, and to repair that loss

Created this new happy Race of Men
To serve him better : wise are all his wayes.

680

So spake the false dissembler unperceiv'd ;
For neither Man nor Angel can discern
Hypocrisie, the only evil that walks
Invisible, except to God alone,
By his permissive will, through Heav'n and Earth ;
And oft though wisdom wake, suspicion sleeps
At wisdom's Gate, and to simplicitie
Resigns her charge, while goodness thinks no ill
Where no ill seems : Which now for once beguil'd
Uriel, though Regent of the Sun, and held
The sharpest sighted Spirit of all in Heav'n ;
Who to the fraudulent Impostor foul
In his uprightness answer thus return'd.
Fair Angel, thy desire which tends to know
The works of God, thereby to glorifie
The great Work-Master, leads to no excess
That reaches blame, but rather merits praise
The more it seems excess, that led thee hither
From thy Empyreal Mansion thus alone,
To witness with thine eyes what some perhaps
Contented with report hear only in Heav'n :
For wonderful indeed are all his works,
Pleasant to know, and worthiest to be all
Had in remembrance always with delight,
But what created mind can comprehend
Their number, or the wisdom infinite
That brought them forth, but hid their causes deep.
I saw when at his Word the formless Mass,

This world's material mould, came to a heap :

Confusion heard his voice, and wild uproar
Stood rul'd, stood vast infinitude confin'd ;
Till at his second bidding darkness fled,
Light shon, and order from disorder sprung ;
Swift to their several Quarters hasted then

700

The cumbrous Elements, Earth, Flood, Aire, Fire,
 And this Ethereal quintessence of Heav'n
 Flew upward, spirited with various forms,
 That rowl'd orbicular, and turn'd to Stars
 Numberless, as thou seest, and how they move ;
 Each had his place appointed, each his course, 720
 The rest in circuit walls this Universe.

Look downward on that Globe whose hither side
 With light from hence, though but reflected, shines ;
 That place is Earth the seat of Man, that light
 His day, which else as th'other Hemisphere
 Night would invade, but there the neighbouring Moon
 (So call that opposite fair Star) her aid
 Timely interposes, and her monthly round
 Still ending, still renewing, through mid Heav'n ;
 With borrow'd light her countenance triform 730
 Hence fills and empties to enlighten th'Earth,
 And in her pale dominion checks the night.
 That spot to which I point is *Paradise*,
Adam's abode, those loftie shades his Bowre.
 Thy way thou canst not miss, me mine requires.

Thus said, he turn'd, and *Satan* bowing low,
 As to superior Spirits is wont in Heav'n,
 Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
 Took leave, and toward the coast of Earth beneath,
 Down from th'Ecliptic, sped with hop'd success, 740
 Throws his steep flight in many an Aerie wheele,
 Nor staid, till on *Niphates* top he lights.

The End of the Third Book.

QUESTIONS ON Book III

A

1. Describe Satan's journey as far as it comes into Book III.
2. Summarise that part of the book of which the scene is laid in Heaven.
3. How does Milton describe God and the angels ?

B

1. Compare the discussion in Heaven in this book with that in Hell in Book II.
2. What similes are contained in this book ? What exactly is it which they help us to imagine ?
3. What was Limbo (line 440) like when Satan reached it, and what was it like in later days ?
4. Describe the view (a) above, (b) below Satan as he stood on the lowest step of the Golden Stairs.
5. What can you make out from this book of Milton's astronomy ?
6. Describe the Sun as Satan found it.
7. Draw a picture of Satan disguised as " a stripling cherub."
8. What examples of Personification can you find in this book ?
9. How did the angels praise God ?
10. *Questions on lines 1-55 :*
 - (i.) What does Milton miss in his blindness ? Is there or is there not anything which you might expect him to mention but which he does not mention ?
 - (ii.) What are his consolations in his blindness ? Do they console him fully ?
 - (iii.) Show how each thought in the first twenty-five lines follows from that which precedes it.
 - (iv.) Why should this " invocation to Light " come at the beginning of Book III ?
11. What examples of Milton's joy in beautiful sounds are to be found in this book ?
12. Make in tabular form a plan or summary of Book III.
13. Pick out six lines in different parts of the book which you cannot understand, and explain exactly what your difficulty is.
14. Pick out two passages which strike you as especially beautiful and try to explain why you think them so.
15. What can you learn from this book of (a) Empedocles, (b) Amaranth, (c) Conscience ?
16. Draw a picture of the scene indicated in lines 437-439.
17. What picture of the end of the world does Milton draw ?
18. Compare lines 231 and 373 with the line in Book II which consists of three words only.
19. Which of the first three books do you consider the finest ? Explain fully your reasons.

20. Read over to yourself lines 344-371 and then read them aloud, carefully, but without exaggeration, as you think they ought to be read.
21. Set yourself three other questions out of Book III and answer them.
- *22. How does Milton explain Free Will in this book ?
- *23. How does Milton "justify the ways of God to men" in the first part of Book III ? Explain Book II, lines 559, 560, by reference to Book III.
- *24. How did Milton tackle the problems of the Universe ?

C

1. What had happened in Heaven before the opening of this book ?
2. Compare the attack on certain religious bodies in this book with that in *Lycidas*.
3. Compare Uriel's account of the Creation with that in Genesis i.
4. What part of Book III is an anticipation of *Paradise Regained* ?
5. Compare the passage on blindness in this book with passages on the same subject in *Samson Agonistes* and with Milton's sonnet *On his Blindness*.
6. How does Satan carry on his enterprise in Book IV ?
- *7. How is flying described in poetry and portrayed in art so as to create a willing suspension of our disbelief in it ?

NOTES

Book I

- LINE
12. *Oracle of God*, the Temple.
15. *Aonian Mount*, Helicon in Greece, sacred to the Muses.
24. *Argument*, subject.
59. *ken* is a verb.
63. *darkness visible* is an "oxymoron."
74. *Pole*, i.e., of the Universe.
82. *thence*, because "Satan" means "adversary."
115. *Ignominy*, pronounced "ignomy."
198. *EARTH-born*, i.e., the Giants of Greek mythology. See *Classical Dictionary*.
199. *Briareos*, a Titan.
Typhon, a Giant.
232. *Pelorus*, in Sicily.
288. *Optick Glass*, telescope.
289. *Fesole*, Fiesole, on a hill just outside Florence where Galileo lived.
290. *Valdarno*, the valley of the Arno on which river Florence stands.
294. *Ammiral* admiral's ship.
303. *Vallombrosa*, in Tuscany, a few miles from Florence.
305. *Orion arm'd*, the constellation at the rising and setting of which storms are said to be liable to occur.
307. *Busiris*, Pharaoh.
Memphian Chivalry, Egyptian knights.
339. *Amram's son*, Moses.
353. *Rhene . . . Danaw*, Rhine . . . Danube.
397-505. For the places see the map of Ancient Palestine to be found in most copies of the Bible.

LINE

422. *Baalim*—"im" is the termination of the masculine plural in Hebrew as in Seraphim, Cherubim.
Ashtaroth—"oth" is the termination of the feminine plural in Hebrew, as in Sabaoth.
438. *Ashtoreth*, singular.
446. *Thammuz*, Adonis.
471. *A Leper*, Naaman the Syrian. See 2 Kings v.
490. *Belial*, not really the name of a god, but an abstract noun meaning "worthlessness." So "sons of Belial" meant "wicked men."
508. *Javan*, son of Japhet. The word is the same as *Ionian*.
516. *middle Air*, the atmosphere was supposed to be divided into three regions.
518. *Dodona*, in Epirus, where, in an oak grove, was an oracle of Zeus (=Jupiter).
520. *Hesperian*, western, i.e., Italian.
550. *Dorian mood*, the Dorian mode, the martial type of Greek music. Contrast the "soft Lydian airs" of *L Allegro*.
573. *since created man*, since the creation of man, a latinism.
575. *small infantry*, the pygmies of Greek legend.
577. *Phlegra*, in Macedonia, the home of the Giants.
578. *Ilium*, Troy.
581. *Armoric*, Breton.
583. *Aspramont*, near Nice. It comes into several of the old romances.
Montalban, Montauban, in the south of France. It was the scene of conflicts in the Charlemagne romances.
584. *Trebisond*, on the south shore of the Black Sea.
585. *Biserta*, formerly Utica, not far from Carthage.
587. *Fontarabia* is some distance from Roncesvalles in the north of Spain, where Charlemagne's army was defeated by the Saracens, according to the legend. As a matter of history Charlemagne died in his bed in A.D. 814.
609. *amerc'i*, fined, i.e., punished by the loss of.
- 648-9. *Paradise Lost* was published in 1667, seven years after the Restoration of Charles II.

LINE

678. *Mammon*, not properly the name of a god, but a word meaning "riches." Compare "Belial."
694. *works of Memphian kings*, the pyramids.
703. *founded*, melted.
715. *Architrave*, chief beam which rests on the pillars of a Greek temple. Above it comes the frieze, and then the cornice.
720. *Belus*, Bel, a Babylonian god. *Serapis*, an Egyptian god.
739. *Ausonian Land*, Italy.
740. *Mulciber* is Vulcan (Latin) or Hephaestus (Greek).
756. *Pandæmonium*, Alldervilton.

BOOK II

2. *Ormus*, on the Persian Gulf.
18. *Me* is the object of "Established" in line 23 as well as of the verbs in the "though . . . merit" clause of lines 18-21.
31. *the e*, antecedent to "where" in the previous line.
65. *his Almighty Engine*, thunder and lightning.
66. *Infernal* is emphatic.
72. *With upright wing*, i.e., flying straight up.
177. *Impendent*, overhanging.
207. *ignominy*. See note on I, 115.
308. *audience*, hearing.
310. The three Hierarchies in Heaven were supposed each to be subdivided into three Orders, thus :—
 First Hierarchy : Seraphim, Cherubim, Thrones.
 Second Hierarchy : Dominations, Virtues, Powers.
 Third Hierarchy : Principalities, Archangels, Angels.
375. *Original*, parent, i.e., Adam.
405. *Abyss* (Greek) and *unbottom'd* (English) mean the same.
439. *unessential*, compare "uncreated" (line 150).
513. *bright imblazonry*, shields. *horrent Arms*, spears.
517. *Alchymie*, an amalgam like brass.
539. *Typhæan*, adjective of Typhon. See note on I, 199.
542. *Oechalia*, in Thessaly. See *Classical Dictionary*.

LINE

592. *Serbonian Bog*, in the north of Egypt, near the coast.
611. *Medusa*, on whom whoever looked was turned to stone.
She was one of the three Gorgons.
628. *Hydra*, a nine-headed serpent slain by Hercules. *Chimera* was a monster, lion in front, dragon behind, and goat in the middle.
638. *Bengala*, Bengal.
639. *Ternate and Tidore*, two of the Molucca or Spice Islands.
641. *Ethiopian*, the Indian Ocean.
661. *Trinacrian*, Sicilian.
666. *The other shape*, Death.
721. *once more*, Christ.
898. *hot, cold, moist and dry*, the four primal qualities from the combination of which arose Earth, Air, Fire and Water. Earth = cold + dry, and so on.
943. *Gryfon*, a combination of eagle and lion. The one-eyed Arimaspians, according to legend, steals the griffin's gold. See Herodotus, Pliny, etc.
1017. *Argo*, the ship in which Jason sailed to fetch the Golden Fleece.

BOOK III

7. *hear'st . . rather*, preferrest to be called.
- 35, 36. *Mæonides*, Homer. *Thamyris* is mentioned in the Iliad and *Phineus* in the Aeneid. *Tiresias*, the soothsayer, comes in the *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles.
81. *Adversary*. See note on I, 82.
- 178-180. *Upheld by me . . By me upheld*, note the "turn."
352. *Amarant*, the unfading flower, so a symbol of immortality.
419. *round world*, the Universe, not the Earth.
first convex, the "Primum Mobile" or outermost sphere, within which, according to the Ptolemaic astronomy, are the other spheres in the following order :—(1) Crystalline Sphere, (2) Firmament containing the Fixed Stars, (3) Saturn, (4) Jupiter, (5) Mars, (6) Sun, (7) Venus, (8) Mercury, (9) Moon. Finally, in the centre is the Earth, round which the spheres revolve.

LINE

431. *Imaus*, sometimes a name for the Himalayas, sometimes for another mountain range in the centre of Asia.
436. *Hydaspes*, the Jhelum.
438. *Sericana*, China.
467. *Sennaar*, Shinar.
471. *Empedocles*, a Greek philosopher of the fifth century B.C. He lived at Agrigentum in Sicily. Compare Matthew Arnold's *Empedocles on Etna*.
473. *Cleombrotus*, another Greek philosopher, of Ambracia in Epirus.
- 482, 483. *Crystalline Sphere*. See note on line 419. *The Trepidation talkt*, the swaying motion so much discussed : see *Encyclopedie*. *that first mov'd*, the "Primum Mobile."
535. *Paneas*, Dan, near which the Jordan rises.
- 558, 559. *fleecie Star*, the constellation Aries or the Ram. *Andromeda* lies above Aries, which is therefore said to bear her.
601. *Philosophers*, alchemists.
603. *Volatil Hermes*, quicksilver or mercury ("Hermes").
726. Note that there is a reference to the Moon at the end of each of these first three Books of *Paradise Lost*.

LIST OF BOOKS SUGGESTED

The figures refer to those *affixed* to questions headed "C."

The Bible.

Shakespeare : Plays.

Milton : Poems.

Mark Pattison : Milton (*English Men of Letters*).

The Oxford English Dictionary.

¹ Marlowe : Doctor Faustus (*The Socrates Booklets*).

² Spenser : Faerie Queene.

³ Pollard : English Miracle Plays.

⁴ Addison : Selected Essays (*The Socrates Booklets*).

⁵ Pope's Homer (*World's Classics*).

⁶ Vergil : Aeneid (English translations by Dryden, Conington, in *Loeb Classics*, etc.).

⁷ Dante : Inferno (English Translations by Cary, Shadwell, in *Temple Classics*, etc.).

⁸ Tasso : Jerusalem Delivered (English translations by Fairfax and Hoole).

⁹ Wordsworth : Poems and Prefaces.

¹⁰ Johnson : Milton (in *Lives of the Poets*).

¹¹ Macaulay : Essay on Milton.

¹² Matthew Arnold : Poems.

¹³ Browning : Poems.

¹⁴ Marvell : Poems.

This List is not intended to be exhaustive.

